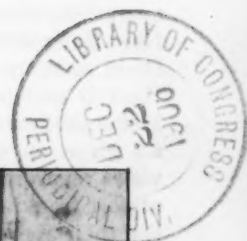


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1906

Christmas Number



JESUS IN THE WORKSHOP

See Editor's "Around the World Letters"

Boston Wesleyan Association

Annual Meeting

THE annual meeting of the Boston Wesleyan Association was held, Dec. 12, in the Committee Room, Wesleyan Building, from 3 to 6 P. M. There were present, besides the members of the Association, the editorial and publishing staff, with the exception of the editor (who is on a six months' leave of absence on a round-the-world tour), and the visitors appointed from the various patronizing Conferences, as follows: Dr. E. A. Blake and Mr. W. H. H. Bryant, New England Conference; Rev. F. C. Baker, New England Southern Conference; Rev. C. P. Taplin and Mr. Merritt O. Bragg, Vermont Conference; Mr. C. H. Hartwell, New Hampshire Conference; Rev. C. W. Bradlee, Maine Conference; Rev. H. B. Haskell and Rev. T. W. Fessenden, East Maine Conference. These gentlemen were all given an opportunity to express their views regarding the work, and did so with utmost frankness; but one and all testified their appreciation of the old HERALD. Reports were given by the treasurer, publisher and editor — the latter read, in the absence of Dr. Parkhurst, by the secretary. The report of the publisher showed a satisfactory gain in the subscription list over last year, with a slight decrease in advertising receipts. Ex-Governor Bates moved that the appropriation for distribution among the patronizing Conferences

be the same as last year, and the motion was unanimously carried.

A committee of three was appointed to consider what might be done to increase the income from the property held by the Association: Messrs. Matthew Robson, Silas Peirce, and Charles R. Magee.

Hon. A. R. Weed, of Newton, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. E. H. Dunn, for so many years a member of the body. Mr. Edward F. Porter, whose membership dates back to 1851, and who is the oldest member, was present. Among other pleasant things done was a vote to send the greetings of the body to the absent editor.

The annual banquet of the Association was held at Young's Hotel at 6 P. M. Mr. Geo. P. Morris, associate editor of the *Congregationalist*, Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell and Rev. F. H. Morgan, field secretary of the HERALD, were the speakers — their addresses following. President Matthew Robson presided, and introduced the speakers.

The following officers were elected:

MATTHEW ROBSON, President.	
SILAS PEIRCE, Vice-president.	
AVERY RAND, Secretary.	
C. R. MAGEE, Treasurer.	
C. C. BRADGON,	} Directors.
E. F. PORTER,	
W. M. FLANDERS,	
C. N. PEABODY,	

Religious Journalism -- Changes and Present Demands

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Associate Editor of *Congregationalist*.

Two factors enter into the problem with which I am asked to deal this evening — they are religion and journalism; and if it is found that conceptions of religion and conceptions of journalism are changing, then it follows that changes in religious journalism will be found either to be here already or impending.

First as to religion: A survey of the religious world today, whether in the Occident or the Orient, in Christian or non-Christian lands, in Protestant or Roman Catholic countries, reveals a state of flux, of transition, corresponding with that process of alteration in political, national and racial ideals, that mood of discontent and craving for the new, which is all about us in the social and political world.

This uncertainty of mind, this vacillation of the will, this dissatisfaction of the heart as it is affected by religion, has to do with both polity and doctrine, and also with the definition of religion itself.

We have but to look about and see how the theory of adaptation to environment, and the demand for institutional efficiency, is altering polity or form of government in all of the three great branches of the church, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational, as they meet the conditions of present-day life, this process of readjustment of course being made the easier and swifter because of the weight of New Testament scholarship now combating the "divine right" theory of polity, and weakening the force of the old claim to a deposit of wisdom respecting church government granted to the first Christians to be forever preserved intact.

Turning to doctrine in its many aspects, and to the important matter of the ultimate seat of authority in religion, who can be insensible to the fact that profound modifications of position and spirit are going on, making for individual-

ism as over against institutionalism, for marked variations of belief and experience within the same fold, the test of admission to fellowship becoming more and more one of spirit and not of intellect, and the standard retention within the fold being more and more ethical and altruistic. To put the situation in yet another way: Whereas once the emphasis was upon the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc., the emphasis becomes more and more pronounced on the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If it be said of this drift that men are trying to build a superstructure without a foundation, it is replied by those who welcome it that a right theory of man and of man's treatment of his fellowmen precedes rather than follows a right theory of God, our conceptions of God becoming nobler and truer as man evolves.

It is in a world of this mood and temper that the religious journalist of today is called upon to serve. He cannot be as sure of himself as his predecessors of a generation or two ago were, because external bases of authority upon which he formerly might have rested back are questioned. He cannot be as sure of his natural constituency's loyalty as his predecessors were, because, with increasing variety of interpretation of the religious experience, it becomes less likely than formerly that his interpretation of life will meet all readers' needs. In addition, he faces the fact that with the lessening of partisan sectarian zeal and strengthening of the catholic conception of the church he may not win readers by simply uttering sectarian shibboleths — words that once rallied followers. Like the preacher in the pulpit his authority, officially conceived, is lessening, and is becoming more and more one of personal character

and attainment, of capacity to meet demand with supply, and to reflect as from a facet-sided gem the varying points of view of truth which an enlarging and increasingly variant constituency demand for their illumination.

The consequence of this new condition of affairs in the world in which the religious journalist labors is reflected in the religious press of the day. It is irenic where it once was polemical; it is descriptive and interpretative where it once was dogmatic and infallible. As with the daily and weekly journal of the world, once described as "secular," so with the religious weekly its service as a conveyor of news and enlarger of the area of knowledge of the reader has widened much in recent years, and, coincident with this, in both fields of journalism there has been a decline in the importance of editorial opinions, the few "Popes" among the profession who still survive and speak with the old ex-cathedra utterance being but pale ghosts compared with some of the earlier arbiters of destiny, hunters of heresy, and defenders of an unchanging faith and heaven-decreed polity.

Nor is the change confined to the spirit and sphere of the calling. There has been a marked alteration of emphasis in style and diction. Just as on the public platform, in legislatures, and in arguments before judges, exigencies of present-day life have compelled abbreviation of statement and abolition of rhetorical adornment, and have reduced "mere rhetoric" to a minimum, the desire for good matter, sound content, cogency of argument and brevity in statement being dominant, so also in religious journalism the day of "fine writing" is past, and also the day when sections of sermons sent in by "absentee" editors can be used as editorials, when column after column can be used to debate over minor shadings of doctrines, and when picturesqueness of style or brilliancy of phrasing can be substitutes for nobler forms of intellectual intercourse. The consequence of this altered attitude is that, viewing the country over today, there are very few men in places of responsibility in our calling of whom you will instantly think as conspicuous as brilliant writers, possessed of an individual style.

Yet another change must be noted. Contemporaneous and coincident with the lessening of the importance of the States in the Federal Union there has been a lessening of the importance of sectional ambition and of sectional journals in any given denomination which is large and truly national in its scope. Your denomination as much as any other once indulged in the propensity to multiply religious newspapers, but you recently have begun to learn better; and while up to a certain point this fertility of birth-rate is entirely legitimate, yet it can easily be overdone. The mortality among religious journals in the East during recent years has been so great, the consolidations have been so numerous, that it is with surprise one learns that the number of religious journals in the country from 1900 to 1904 showed a gain of four per cent.

There once was a time when laymen and clergymen within a sect felt it necessary not only to maintain a journal for their particular geographical section of the country — say a State or two; they also felt it necessary to have journals standing for special interpretations or shadings of the main doctrinal scheme of the denomination, and to maintain these journals there was much sacrifice both of journalistic service and money! How changed the attitude today! So far has the pendulum swung the other way that I am one of those who believe that the Protestant ministry of the country now get less rather than more discussion than they need of the theological and philosophical aspects of truth. In our revulsion from excessive emphasis upon doctrine and the metaphysical, philosophical and scholastic aspects of religion, we have gone to the other extreme. Your denomination with its admirably edited *Methodist Review*, the Presbyterians with their *Presbyterian* and *Reformed Review*, and the Roman Catholics with several quarterlies and monthlies of high grade, have

[Continued on page 1614]

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Sugar Trust Fined

THE turn of the Sugar Trust to be fined has come; penalties amounting to \$150,000 were imposed last week in the United States Circuit Court in New York by Judge Holt on the American Sugar Refining Company and the Brooklyn Cooperage Company, upon pleas of guilty to indictments alleging an acceptance of rebates on sugar shipments in violation of the Elkins anti-rebating act. This, with the sum of \$18,000 paid by the same defendants a few days before, make a total fine of \$168,000 imposed for rebating. The Federal authorities were surprised when the attorney for the defence asked the court to permit his clients to withdraw their pleas of not guilty and to plead guilty to the indictments against them. Judge Holt, in passing sentence, said that the law did not intend the fines to be excessive, but the facts of the case must be taken into consideration. Now that the Government by its vigorous action is rendering the giving of rebates very expensive business, it is hoped that the big corporations will take warning and drop that line of injurious action to the general detriment of trade.

Industrial Exhibit in Philadelphia

AN exhibit unique of its kind, because its purpose was the demonstration of processes of manufacture plus the actual conditions, both good and evil, of modern industry, was held in Philadelphia last week in the spacious Horticultural Hall. The first and deepest impression made on the public by the exhibition, which was free to all, was that it was very realistic as well as comprehensive. Tableaux, charts, maps, literature, photographs, samples of products made in sweatshops and also under proper conditions, reproductions in the life of toilers who are poorly paid, and wax figures illustrating the life of the workers, all contributed to supply industri-

al object lessons which constituted a decided "arrest of thought" for all who attended. As a sample object lesson, true to life, may be mentioned the case of a sad-faced Italian woman, brought from her home amid the slums of Pennsylvania, who in a space six by twelve feet sewed rags at fifteen cents a day. The rags were of two kinds — clean cuttings from factories, and foul accumulations from old rag shops, which the woman used indiscriminately. Near by was a typical non-union shop, where most of the work was sub-contracted to women, the shop being filthy and insanitary. Laid out on counters was a large variety of "sweated articles," for which the workers receive pay as low as thirty-five cents for a working day of thirteen hours. Similar scenes or exhibits enforced the sad facts of industrial oppression which now constitute so foul a blot on the fair name of America. In contrast with all this, typically bright scenes of normal life — as of a child's bedroom in a comfortable home, with a Christmas tree trimmed and the stockings hung up — were represented at the exhibition. Maps were hung up showing the relative decency of different States respecting child labor, Massachusetts standing second on the list, while Pennsylvania and Alabama are marked with black spots, having 120,000 children employed. The idea of such an Industrial Exhibit had its beginning in Berlin two years ago, and may well be repeated in other cities both of Europe and America.

Islam in the Soudan

EVERY now and then recurs to view the menace of Mohammedanism in the Soudan — that region consecrated by the devotion and humanity of "Chinese" Gordon. It is now reported that the Crescent bids fair to absorb the entire range of that vast country under its sway, unless extraordinary efforts are made by Christian missionaries to prevent such an absorption by Islam. Northern Nigeria — the most populous part of the Dark Continent, with a territory as large as Europe minus Russia — has a population of from 60,000,000, to 90,000,000, one-half of which is practically Mohammedan, and the other half pagan. The Soudan is not a kingdom, but embraces groups of nations. It was originally settled by clans of peace-loving negroes, but with the advent of the Moslems there entered an element that has ever since kept the country in a state of turmoil, the Islamic principle, either to convert or to enslave the pagans, being only too faithfully followed. Now Mohammedan traders and missionaries are pushing forward with great energy, and at the present rate of progress it is prophesied that by 1910 there will scarcely be a

heathen village on the banks of the Niger. Those poor pagans are loudly calling for "the white man's teachers." If the volunteering teachers be Moslems, the populations of the Soudan will be hereafter much less accessible to Christian missionaries than they have been hitherto. The Macedonian cry is going out from the Soudan, and it is high time to forestall, by swift, strategic work on the part of Christendom, the advance of the bigoted and stupid Moslems, whose rule, politically and economically as well as morally and spiritually, induces wherever they go midnight darkness.

Dissolution of the Reichstag

THE Kaiser, carrying out a threat recently made to the refractory Reichstag, dissolved that body last Thursday, immediately upon its rejection, by a vote of 178 to 168, of the supplementary budget for German Southwest Africa (amounting to \$7,350,000), proposed to meet the expenses of the war. The contest came over the question of reducing the garrison in Southwest Africa — a course which Chancellor von Bülow described as "a great national crime." The Government would not yield on this question, though willing to recall a few troops, and the dissolution followed. The Kaiser as "war lord" believes that he must have whatever he asks for to carry into effect his military designs, or his prestige will suffer at home and abroad. The appeal has now been made to the German nation, which has the choice of contracting its colonial policy or of backing up its administration in foreign parts with a display of military force adequate to overcome all opposition.

Water Powers of the South

IN estimating the potential resources of the South its wealth of ever-running streams, where nature furnishes prodigally the supplies of force necessary to carry on numerous productive enterprises, should never be lost sight of; for to its coal supply — more than twice as great as the combined coal area of Great Britain, Germany and Pennsylvania — and to its vast stores of oil and natural gas as supplementary sources of heat and light, the South adds at least 3,000,000 available horse-power of water powers which might be utilized for electrical transmission, as well as for other industrial purposes. The development of this vast water-power potentiality, according to the *Manufacturers' Record*, will eventually employ \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000, and will be equal in working capacity to 6,000,000 men. Such a development of water resources would make possible the construction of thousands of miles of interurban electric

roads, would furnish cheap power and light for mines and factories, and would create, as in Switzerland, the highest forms of skilled mechanical work, amid high elevations where the climatic conditions are unsurpassed by those of any other section of the world.

Presidential Message on Panama

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT transmitted on Monday a special message to Congress dealing with Panama Canal matters. The President's visit of three days to the Canal Zone, where he studied conditions at close range, convinced him that the work is on the whole in a highly satisfactory condition, notwithstanding some weaknesses and failures. His message is an optimistic and interesting document. For "foolish professional scandal mongers" who have misrepresented conditions at Panama, the President has words of sarcasm and scorn, and for the Americans among them feels only "the heartiest contempt and indignation." Against such charges the Canal management is strongly defended. The water and sewage systems were found to be in excellent condition, and the hospitals are striking examples of what such institutions should be. Complaints of employees are few, and these are so varied as to be unimportant. The houses occupied by the employees are clean and good, and the workmen generally are well satisfied with their surroundings. The Spaniards are proving excellent laborers, and do twice as much work as the West Indians. The President found the excavation at Culebra Cut especially impressive, and in general the work is being pressed with vigor and efficiency.

Education Bill Dropped

THE British Cabinet has rejected all the amendments to the Education Bill imposed by the House of Lords, and thus has placed on the Upper House the responsibility for the defeat of that bill. The appeal to the sentiment of the country is made thereby in a marked way, and the issue cannot be avoided between entrenched ecclesiasticism and popular, yet not necessarily unchristian, democracy. The Liberal Government has taken this stand because, as Mr. Birrell declared to the House of Commons, the amendments proposed by the Lords were destructive of the fabric and main principles of the measures. The controversy has practically resolved itself into a contest of primate against premier, in which the victory is at present on the side of the Established Church. The "reconstituted bill" of the Lords calmly insists on amendments which destroy the principle of local popular control, which tend to reimpose tests on the teachers, and which do not recognize the undenominational school as the normal type. The Liberal Ministry had already strained the temper of the Nonconformists almost to the breaking point, in making concessions to the traditions and sentiment of the Church of England, and now feels that it can go no further in that direction. The House of Commons having rejected the Lords' amendment by a vote of 416 to 107, any compromise is now regarded as hopeless, and a new bill will probably be introduced

at the next session of Parliament. The House of Lords has rejected the Plural Voting Bill, the principle of which was "one man, one vote."

Death of Ferdinand Brunetiere

PERHAPS the most eminent critic of the day has passed away in the person of Ferdinand Brunetiere, who, dying as a comparatively young man, lived long enough to make his mark in the world of letters. With less "temperament" than Sainte-Beuve, he possessed a breadth of intelligence, an acuteness of perception and a clarity of view which deservedly won recognition, even from the Academy. His learning was comprehensive, as well as profound and minute, and this conversance with the treasures of the past as well as the moods of the moment gave him poise and balance. He was essentially a conservative critic. In the promulgation of his views he was occasionally unjust, and often harsh, but he was honest, earnest and in the higher sense constructive. Brunetiere was antipathetic to naturalism and impressionism, probably from a feeling that those tendencies were the product of a shallow misconception of the purpose of literature. He based his criticism on definite canons and guided it by experience. The solidity of his learning and the brilliancy of his style will make him long to be remembered as a conspicuous figure in French letters.

Church Crisis in France

THE fateful 11th of December, the date on which the Law of Associations was to go into effect in France, has passed, without great violence, and France has substantially achieved a new revolution. In deciding to enforce inexorably the law of separation of Church and State, and in beginning that enforcement with the expulsion on Dec. 11 of M. Montagnini, the secretary of the Papal Nunciature at Paris, the French Government has committed itself absolutely to a severing of the bond which has existed for more than fourteen centuries between France and Rome. The fact that the day of effectuation of the new law passed without scenes of great disorder indicates not the indifference but the restraint of the French people. Of their deep interest in the matter there can be no question, and it is worthy of note also that this revolution, like that of 1793, inspires sympathy in other lands. The Italian Parliament has sent its congratulations to the French Government, and, unfortunately, a popular demonstration was made in Rome against the Vatican last Sunday by thousands of anti-clericals, many of them free-thinkers, who were only turned back from the "apostolic palace" by the bayonets of the troops. If the Vatican had allowed the French ecclesiastics to speak for it in France a Clemenceau might not have been able to turn French national sentiment against it. Rome has modified its attitude sufficiently to allow laymen to file declarations under the law, a plan which saves the clergy from technical disobedience, and which permits the Vatican to "save its face" in regard to non-submission. Thus far numerous residences of prelates and many seminaries have been evacuated. The

Clemenceau Ministry has decided, in order to avoid the appearance of persecution, not to press the question of treating recalcitrant priests as subjects of a foreign Power. Seventy-eight thousand priests, most of whom are hard-working, inoffensive men, are receiving the sympathy of the French people, because, under penalty of forfeiting their citizenship, they will, if the Ministry pushes through its radical program, soon be compelled to choose between allegiance to the French Republic and obedience to the Vatican. The Government persists in its policy of sequestration and control of church buildings, but at the same time it guarantees that they shall continue to be used for religious purposes and for no other.

Crapsey Verdict Approved

NOW that Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey has lost his appeal to the Court of Review, expressions of opinion, both pro and con, have emanated in profusion not only from Episcopalians but also from religionists generally in America. There have been some sharp notes of dissent from the verdict of the Court of Review, which are really but echoes of the irritation felt at the decision of the Batavia court, since the Court of Review had no option but to find as it did, on technical points. The irritation is unwarranted, since nobody has ever denied the right of Dr. Crapsey to think or speak as he pleases, subject only to his responsibility to his Creator, so long as he does not seek to involve the Protestant Episcopal Church in his somewhat peculiar notions. It is ridiculous to make this case an instance of martyrdom—it is simply an issue of common honesty. The Protestant Episcopal Church may be narrow, or benighted, or unprogressive or what not—though we say none of these things regarding it—but so long as it has definitely-defined views of truth, honesty requires its official leaders to support those views, or to leave. If Dr. Crapsey is a Unitarian in tendency, or rationalistic, or notional, or anything of that sort, he must satisfy his superiors as to his fundamental accordance with the creed or canons of the church; if he fails to do so, his true course is to withdraw from so-called "priestly" functions—as he has now tardily done. It cannot be expected that the accused shall judge his judges. On the whole the Crapsey verdict has commended itself to the sensible lay conscience of America, as being a vindication of the idea of honesty in creed subscription—a matter with respect to which there is a deplorable laxity or obtuseness in many quarters. If the mountain will not go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain; or if the two cannot agree, let them depart one from the other. One man here or there cannot expect a great church to come over to his position or make itself responsible for his eccentricities of view. To ask such a thing as that is simply to display an unmitigated audacity. The only plea that Dr. Crapsey might with some show of reason make is that some Episcopal bishops (not all) do tolerate departures as great as his from established usage, but he should know that the mass of Episcopalians are not heterodox in his sense, and that the standards of the church are against him.

Around the World Letters --- X

BETHLEHEM AND THE ANGELS' SONG

WHAT sacred and joyous associations gather about Bethlehem! Is there sweeter name of place in the whole Bible? What light has gone out from yonder spot to illuminate and restore this dark and dying world! Bethlehem has everywhere sanctified and glorified infancy and childhood. Full of such thoughts and emotions, we rode on towards the scene of the nativity of Jesus Christ our Lord. Unlike most roads in Palestine, this to Bethlehem is excellent, so that the ride, even with these most reckless cabmen, is safe and comfortable. The first site of special and tender interest seen before reaching Bethlehem, is the Tomb of Rachel. Our illustration is so good that we do not need to describe it. The facts are easily recalled: Rachel had journeyed from Bethel to this place, on the way to Bethlehem. "And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath" (Bethlehem); not more than a mile, and within full sight of the spot. Here she was delivered of her son. "And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing (for she died), that she called his name Benoni (*i. e.*, son of my sorrow); but his father called him Benjamin" (*i. e.*, the son of my right-hand); "and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Genesis 25:16-20). It will be recalled that seven long years in serving for her "seemed to Jacob but a few days for the love he bore her." And as the patriarch, many years after her death, was himself drawing to the grave, he repeats, with tender memory, the story of his loss: "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem" (Genesis 48:7). This site, revered alike by Christians, Mohammedans and Jews, is, without doubt, historic.

Here in the harvest season you will see living illustration, in every particular, of the beautiful story of Ruth. Three thousand years have wrought no change in the

habits of these simple agricultural communities. As unchangeable and ineffaceable as the rocks themselves are the customs of these tillers of the soil. In the evening you may see some poor woman sitting by the roadside and beating out with a stick or stone what she has gath-



RACHEL'S TOMB

ered, as Ruth did; and you may see women gleaning after the reapers in the same way. Dr. W. M. Thomson says: "The reapers are apt to be rude in their deportment toward defenceless females, and, hence, Boaz commanded them to behave respectfully to Ruth." Reference to Ruth naturally reminds us of the fact that the women of Bethlehem are reputed to be the best looking in the land. Compared with the women of the country generally, we think the statement is justified. But the treatment of women in this land is so degrading and brutal, that their faces are usually repulsive; they become prematurely old, haggard and dejected. The girls presented here are more comely than are often seen.

But we are entering the streets of Bethlehem — so narrow that it seems as if the reckless driver will hit the stone houses on either side or run over the people walking in both directions. There are about five hundred houses, better and more substantial than any we have seen, except at Jaffa. The population numbers about eight thousand, and most of them belong to the Greek Church, which means only

that they are professionally religious, but not, by any means, Christian in character and life. They are fierce and turbulent men as in the time of David, and are easily moved to violence. These men of Bethlehem seem to have unlimited leisure. As we watched them congregated in large



GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM

numbers in a public square in the early afternoon, they appeared to have nothing to do but to gamble and drink. A huge, fortress-like pile of buildings to which we hasten, embodies the Church of the Nativity and three contiguous convents, belonging respectively to the Latin, Greek and Armenian churches. The church was erected by Constantine in 330 A. D., and is said to be "the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world." The



CHRISTMAS DAY AT BETHLEHEM

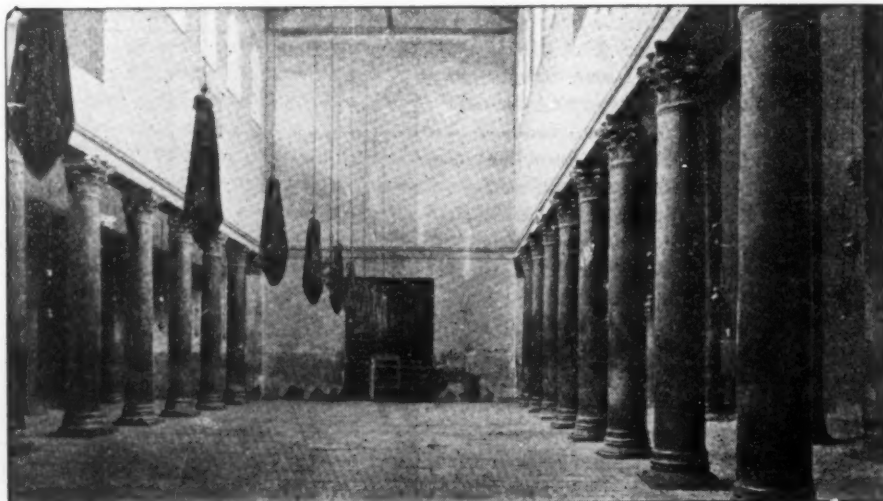
four rows of marble columns of the Corinthian order are made each from a single stone, and are very fine. The structure was erected over a cave in the rock, and a silver star on the pavement in front indicates the very spot where Christ was born. This cave is twenty feet below the floor of the choir. Our dragoman led us down the stairway, and — he a sincere Greek Christian — reverently entered the vault (33x11 feet), saying: "Here Mary gave birth to the Christ." Above this spot sixteen silver lamps are kept perpetually burning, six belonging to the Greeks and five each to the Latins and the Armenians. While these sects occupy this church in common, it is a strange irony upon the inefficacy of their religion that here, too, an armed Turkish soldier is always present to keep the worshipers from devouring each other. The same sort of silly religious fictions (but, of course, not as many), concocted for gain, are heard as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. That our readers may have a sample, just as it was told us in substance, we copy from Baedeker:

"The Milk Grotto, or Woman's Cavern, is a rocky cave about $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards long, 3 yards wide, and 8 feet high. The tradition from which it derives its name, and of which there are various versions, is that the Holy Family once sought shelter or concealment here, and that a drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the floor of the grotto. For many centuries both Christians and Muslims have entertained a superstitious belief that the rock of the cavern has the property of increasing the milk of women, and even of animals; and, to this day, round cakes mixed with dust from the rocks are sold to pilgrims."

Is it any wonder that two Protestant ministers, who had been for more than a quarter of a century heartily believing in, and telling, the story of Bethlehem, should turn away from all these ecclesiastical vagaries, burning lamps, and religious trappings, and, alone, read together the simple, self-attesting New Testament account of the birth of Jesus? We climbed to the top of a tower, near by, some three hundred feet, by a winding

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling

clothes there, than it may be made by simple faith to the sincere believer in any spot on the globe. The children who celebrate Christmas, this very month, whether in America, India, China, Japan, Great Britain, anywhere and everywhere, may as joyfully appropriate it as if in Bethlehem. And no souls can anywhere be so heavily



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY — BETHLEHEM

clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

laden, sorrowful, tempted, or in any way distressed, but that, if they listen, they may hear the angels sing:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
'Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King,'
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing."

"And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!"

NAZARETH, THE HOME OF JESUS

The transition is easy and natural to Nazareth, the home of Jesus, at which, however, we can only glance. It is singular that Nazareth is not mentioned either in the Old Testament or by Josephus, and yet no one questions the historicity of the place. The usual number of sacred sites — indeed, rather more for the size of the place (some 6,000 people) — are exhibited. But we have now become sufficiently familiar with these invented shrines, and have so much confidence in Dr. W. M. Thomson, for thirty years a missionary in Syria and Palestine, that we readily accept his judgment. Speaking of Nazareth, he says:

"I like to feel assured that the Church of the Annunciation, the cave, the kitchen of Mary, the workshop of Joseph, the dining-table of our Lord and His apostles, the synagogue where He read the prophet Isaiah, and the precipice down which His enraged fellow-villagers were determined to cast Him headlong, as now shown, are all fabulous, apocryphal, and have no claims to my veneration or respect."

There is one glad and refreshing historic site, unquestioned by any one; it is the "Fountain of the Virgin." The water is conducted to it from the hills by conduits



NAZARETH

stairway, and, looking out upon the fields in which, unquestionably, the devout shepherds watched their flocks on that first Christmas night, twice read aloud, to each other, this authentic, unvarnished record of the birth of our Lord:

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Unspeakable praises be to His name that we do not have to go to Bethlehem to learn of the nativity of our Lord, nor is the story one whit more impressive or joy-

of great antiquity, and the supply never fails. Here from early morning until evening maids and matrons, with their children following after them, come to fill their tall pitchers and carry them away, poised on their heads or shoulders. "There can be no reasonable doubt that she who was 'blessed among women' would often come here, perhaps carrying the infant Saviour in just the same fashion we may see mothers of Nazareth carrying their children today; and no doubt many a time our Saviour, as He came past here on His way home from rambling on the hills, would tarry to quench His thirst at this very stream whose waters the traveler may drink today as a cup of blessing."

A critical student of the Bible and history of Palestine has helped us, while here, to a new and, we believe, just conception of the environment of Jesus in His life in Nazareth. Our informant believes that the view generally held that Nazareth was an obscure and sluggish town, and, hence, that Jesus grew up with little, if any, practical knowledge of what was taking place in the Gentile world, has no good basis in fact. He says, also, that a wrong impression has long existed concerning Joseph, the carpenter — that he was not a man of the intellectual limitations which have been supposed. The carpenter, in Palestine, we were told, was one of the important and influential citizens of the town, a sort of judge and adviser, in matters of dispute, and, in connection with the activities of the place, his shop was the rendezvous of the people for the discussion of matters of moment and "to hear the latest news." The inference drawn from these statements was that Jesus would be constantly brought into touch with the current life of the times, and be fully informed about it. Dr. Adam Smith confirms these views in the remarkable work which has become our best handbook in this land. He says that the life of Jesus in Nazareth was "full and rich;" that He could see the "pilgrims which thronged the road to Jerusalem annually," "the merchants from Egypt," "the

Midianite caravans," and "the caravans from Damascus."

"The Roman ranks, the Roman eagles, the wealth of noblemen's litters and equipages, cannot have been strange to the eyes of the boys of Nazareth. Nor can it have been the eye only that was stirred. For all the rumor of the

larger and more correct view of the town and home of Jesus, exhibiting Him to us as He was — not as an unnatural and effeminate youth, shut in to a narrow and insignificant environment, but a normal, manly young man, living in and familiar with the world's throbbing activities and tempta-



FISHING ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

empire entered Palestine close to Nazareth — the news from Rome. Jews would come back to this country side to tell of the life of the world's capital. Moreover, the scandals of the Herods buzzed up and down these roads; pedlars carried them, and the peripatetic rabbis would moralize upon them. He grew up and suffered temptation — 'Who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' The perfection of His purity and patience was achieved not easily as behind a wide fence which shut the world out, but amid rumor and scandal, with every provocation to unlawful curiosity and premature ambition. The chief lesson which Nazareth teaches us is the possibility of a pure home and a spotless youth in the very face of the evil world."

We greatly rejoice that this glance at Nazareth provides what we believe is a

tions, but never, in childhood, youth, or manhood, yielding to sin.

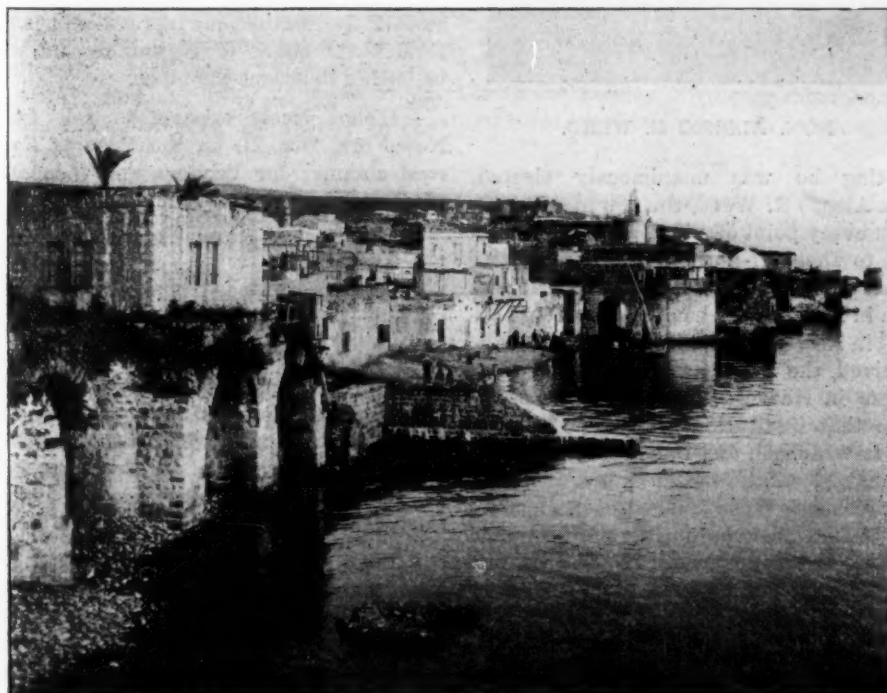
SEA OF GALILEE AND WHAT IS LEFT

Few places in Palestine appeal more strongly to the visitor than the Sea of Galilee. How fondly and for how many years did we sing:

"And when I read the thrilling love
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more
To walk with Him in Galilee!"

Perhaps no part of Palestine shows such woful change and desolation. The beautiful Sea of Galilee is still there, shaped like a harp, thirteen miles long and eight wide at its greatest breadth; but it is comparatively deserted. Where were once "fleets of sails," there is now but "a boat or two." Where there is one town now, Tiberias, with five thousand inhabitants, there used to be nine, with an average population of 15,000 each, bursting with life and every activity known to the place and time. "Where there are now no trees, there were great woods; where there are marshes, there were noble gardens." Dr. Smith says: "Wherever Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin may have been, the well-nigh complete obliteration of all of them is remarkable in this, that they were the very three towns which our Saviour condemned to humiliation."

Palestine is no place for a soft gospel, for the terrific judgments of God are seen on every side. Capernaum was called Jesus' "own city," and how highly it was favored! But he must indeed tremble who now seeks its ruins with open Bible in hand; for on one ominous, unexpected day, when its cup of indifference, neglect and open sin was full, Jesus said: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been



TIBERIAS

done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."

C. P.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

NOBODY supposes himself to be so ignorant as not to know what the meaning of Christmas is, yet not everybody by any means understands the real significance of this periodic festival. The boy in school thinks of Christmas as a season "when a fellow has a good time," and the vagrants and "weary willies" look upon it as a day when for once they devour a full dinner—probably at the expense of the Salvation Army. The roughs and toughs, already burning the candle at both ends, light it in the middle on that occasion by taking extra drinks and adding riot to revelry. Half the world really does not know how the other half keeps Christmas. We assume, rather than know, that the masses are happy and hopeful on that high day of the year. The shops look "Christmassy"—it is their business so to look—but the slums remain dirty as usual. Edwin Markham reminds us of the "grind behind the holidays," which extracts toll from tired hands and unsatisfied young lives, and we have only to look into the department stores to see its effects, while its processes of wearing attrition are tearing health and hope to pieces in the factories which supply the marts. At Christmas time, says Mr. Markham, "the children's time," as we call it in our soft rhetoric, the march of the army of little workers is heaviest, and it is then that their feet falter most wearily." There is too much truth in all this, and we are sometimes tempted to say that the community needs another Christmas, recurring a day or two later, to help it recover from Christmas. The cynic pipes up, too, and describes Christmas as a time when people spend money with which they are loth to part to send impossible knick-knacks to other people who do not want them. And all this in the interest of a "good time!"

Nevertheless, let us keep the youthful definition of Christmas as a season for folks to have a good time. But let us put an ethical element into that phrase. There is no time when people have so fine a chance to be good and do good and to receive good as at the Christmas-tide. By this we mean that that ought to be, and very largely is, a season when the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ to the world is brought home to men not only as a thought, but also as a reality. Almost everybody then thinks of the Christ who lay in a manger and snuggled in Mary's arms as the readiest, realest way in which God might redemptively come close to mankind. Christmas is Christ—that is the big, blessed burden of the season of good cheer which is approaching. Where Christ is received into a heart or home, there are *ipso facto* joy and gladness and holy mirth. No man ever has such a good time as the Christian man, for the believer's festival contains all the elements of a jubilee, a feast of tabernacles, and a transfiguration mount combined.

A Christmas without Christ is a hollow mockery, a gilded delusion. The sad

thought that mingles with the bright suggestions of the holidays is the reflection that many people recognize only the physical features of Christmas. They are content with its mechanics, without ever realizing the sweetness and solemnity of its spiritual message. It may be that they even lend a hand in festooning the churches with holly, or join in the singing of carols, while missing the real blessing of a given Christ. May all who read these lines spend in the holiest and happiest sense a "Merry Christmas," and may God by His Spirit lead the great masses of toiling, care-burdened Americans—whether the 25th of December brings them many presents or none—to realize the true spiritual meaning of the Advent, and to enjoy a Christmas full of Christ!

New Member of Wesleyan Association

THE vacancy in the membership of the Boston Wesleyan Association made by the death of Edward H. Dunn has remained for several months unfilled. The minds of the members have evidently been busy weighing the merits of various eligible laymen, but there has been practical accord from the first that the choice would fall on an honored son of our former publisher, and at the recent annual



HON. ALONZO R. WEED.

meeting he was unanimously elected. Hon. Alonzo R. Weed, the new member, is, from every point of view, a worthy accession to the self-perpetuating Association which publishes ZION'S HERALD. He was born in Maine, but has resided from boyhood in Newton, in whose public schools he received the education preliminary to a course in Harvard College. Graduating from that institution in 1887, he entered the Law School, and finished the curriculum in 1890. Entering into a law firm with his brother—Weed & Weed—of which he is still a member, he quickly gained public esteem and confidence. In 1903 he was elected Mayor of Newton, and his term of office was marked by great fidelity to duty and a vigorous enforcement of law. Recently he has been appointed, by Governor Guild, Gas Commissioner of Massachusetts. In his church relations he has filled almost every office—treasurer of

the board of trustees, teacher in the Sunday-school, etc.—and has been exceedingly helpful in various ways. "He is everything to us, in personality, example, influence, sympathetic co-operation," is the testimony of his pastor's wife. Mr. Weed is married and has two children.

Serious Illness of Bishop McCabe

FAR-REACHING indeed has been the stir of feeling as over the wires has gone the announcement of Bishop McCabe's serious illness. His courage, his faith, his enthusiasm, have been for nearly half a century among the most valuable assets of the church and nation. That he may come back to his welcome task of inspiration and of service, will be a prayer well nigh universal. He was taken ill suddenly on Tuesday morning, the 11th, on West Street, New York, immediately upon arrival from Philadelphia. With but very brief delay, though no friend was with him at the time of his seizure, he was taken to the New York Hospital in Fifteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue. Soon Dr. G. P. Mains, Mr. J. R. Joy, Bishop Bashford, Mr. J. E. Leaycroft, and Dr. F. M. North were at his bedside, and in a few hours Mrs. McCabe, with immediate friends, was with him. He has had from the first the best medical attendance, and in the private rooms of the Hospital, one of the best in New York, every provision has been made for his care and for the convenience of his friends. We are informed that the attack has been accompanied by little suffering. It is evident, however, that the graveness of his illness must be conceded. He has been the Great Heart of the church.

As we go to press at noon of Tuesday, the Bishop is reported to be dying.

PERSONALS

—Rev. Otis H. Green and wife leave for Africa, Dec. 19, from New York by the steamship "Baltic."

—Prof. Henry F. Osborn, secretary-elect of the Smithsonian Institution, has informed the board of regents that he will be unable to accept the office.

—Bishop Neely expects to sail from New York, Dec. 21, on the Panama Railroad steamer for Panama, and thence to his South American field.

—Miss Helen Hurst, daughter of the late Bishop John F. Hurst, was married last week to Edward Oliver Gordon, of Cleveland, O., in the chapel of Foundry Church, Washington.

—Rev. O. H. Call, formerly of the New Hampshire Conference, but now of Kansas, buried his daughter, Emma L., wife of Rev. C. L. Harrington, in Topeka, Nov. 28, aged 42 years. She was a devoted Christian, and died in the triumph of faith.

—With the liveliest satisfaction we learn that Bishop Fowler is again revealing his marvelous vitality and the power of an imperial will, and is gaining, slowly but surely, a victory over his late severe attack of alarming illness. He daily drives out and has visited the headquarters at 150 Fifth Avenue. We are told that on one of

these days last week he visited his lifelong friend and co-leader, Bishop McCabe, in the hospital. The new bond of a common suffering strengthens the tie between them.

— The mother of Dr. William Osler, formerly of Johns Hopkins University, now Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University, celebrated her 100th birthday in Toronto, on the 13th. She is the mother of four distinguished sons.

— President Roosevelt yields to the unanimous sentiment of the House of Representatives, and has withdrawn his "simplified spelling" order to the public printer. The old-fashioned way of spelling in public documents will be resumed.

— President C. C. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, and Hon. John Wanamaker expect to attend the International Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, to be held in Tokyo in April next year.

— Miss Nellie P. Brushingham, daughter of Dr. J. P. Brushingham, of Chicago, recently sang at the Boston Preachers' Meeting. Miss Brushingham is studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, and has charge of the choir at the Eggleston Square Church.

— A picture of Rev. Dr. Edward P. Ingersoll, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, appears in the December number of the *Bible Society Record*. Dr. Ingersoll has felt compelled, owing to impaired health, to resign his office, the resignation to take effect at the close of the present year.

— Rev. Dr. R. S. Pardington, pastor of the Herkimer Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, died last week at the age of 70. He was of English birth. The funeral services were held in the Hanson Place Church, Drs. Wing, Buckley, Lyman, Sanford, and Adams taking part. Dr. Pardington leaves a wife and two sons.

— That traveling has some drawbacks we realize as we read the latest postal from the editor, dated Red Sea, S. S. "China," Nov. 24: "You would never complain of heat in Boston if you were on this boat. It is fearful. Our porthole had to be shut last night, and we simply sweltered. Just now I would gladly change for Boston. It is not all fun, and it is not easy to keep up always to the high level of privilege."

— Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, pastor of the fashionable and wealthy Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, is arranging for a series of revival meetings among his aristocratic parishioners, in which men who have been saved from the slums by the Bowery and other missions are to tell the story of their conversion. Dr. Mackay hopes in this way to rouse his people from their spiritual lethargy.

— Jeremiah Curtin, a distinguished linguist and philologist and well known also as a translator of Russian and Polish novels, died at Bristol, Vt., last week, of Bright's disease. Mr. Curtin was 66 years old. He was proficient in seventy languages, excelling as a linguist, it is said, any other man. As an author he

was best known as the translator from the Polish of the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz. During the past few years Mr. Curtin had resided in Washington, D. C., and Bristol.

— Secretary J. L. Barton, of the American Board, is to sail, Dec. 21, from San Francisco, for Japan and China. He will meet Prof. E. C. Moore and Hon. Lucien C. Warner in March, and proceed with them to Shanghai, to attend the Missionary Conference in April in that city.

— Mr. William Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., will found, in connection with Hobart College, a college for women, to be affiliated with the former somewhat as Radcliffe is with Harvard. He will give about \$475,000 for the purpose.

— A California paper states: "About the first of the year Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Bragdon will remove from the handsome home which they have occupied for many winters and which has been the centre of much of the social life of Pasadena, to the home on North Grand Avenue, which they recently purchased from Dr. Rudolph Schiffman. This is one of the magnificent places of Pasadena, and Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon will have it adapted to their needs and arranged to house their splendid art collection fittingly."

BRIEFLETS

The tenth in order of Dr. Parkhurst's "Around the World Letters" should have been devoted to Jerusalem; but as this is our Christmas Number, we have decided to substitute for it the letter from Bethlehem, following next week with the one from Jerusalem.

How many of life's tangles are straightened out by simply sleeping upon them!

As we advance in the Christian life, we perceive that many things we once counted dear and worthy must be consigned to the flames; and it depends upon the spirit with which we sacrifice these things whether they illumine our way or obscure it.

Next week the *HERALD* will go to press a day earlier than usual on account of the Christmas holiday. All copy intended for that issue must be in hand on Saturday.

The harder the hammer of life's discipline strikes upon the anvil, the nobler is this music of man-making.

Sometimes, when God has a new and larger work for a child of His to do, He begins to lead him to it by gently taking out of his hands the old and outgrown task. Let no one be discouraged if, with no loss of earnestness or consecration, he seems to find some abatement of power for familiar service. Very likely it is because God wants Him to take hold of something larger, something more commensurate with the growth of his powers.

The two organizations of the Young Women's Christian Association in this

country have been unified. The American Committee and International Board have ceased to exist separately. A national board of thirty women will conduct the affairs of the United Workers. Some of the associations in this vicinity are not ready yet to ally themselves with the new organization.

The output of the American Bible Society last year was 2,236,755 copies of the Bible.

Next year marks the 300th anniversary of the beginning of Protestant Episcopalianism in this country, and each member of that church will be asked to make a thank-offering. A writer in the *Churchman* wishes to mark the anniversary by sending twelve equipped preachers into the field for a "national preaching mission."

The preamble adopted by the constitutional convention at Guthrie, Ok., contains the following words: "Invoking the guidance of Almighty God in order to secure and perpetuate the blessing of liberty, to secure a just and rightful government, to promote mutual welfare and happiness, we, the people of Oklahoma, do ordain and establish this constitution."

The South Georgia Conference of the Church South gives \$1,000 towards a memorial church to Bishop Tigert in Oklahoma.

The building for the Ohio Methodist Home for the Aged, Cincinnati, is nearing completion. It will accommodate 192 persons. The management of the institution is in the hands of the deaconesses.

The Smoot case is up again, and the same good arguments for his seclusion from the Senate, not on the ground of being a polygamist, but because of his connection with the governing body of the Mormon Church, and his close association with its affairs, are being repeated, and are as conclusive as ever. Unless public opinion manifests its desires in the matter, however, with more point and force and volume than it has yet done, the Senate is not likely to take action. Senator Smoot coolly persists in identifying his interests with those of a hierarchy that tramples upon law and strikes at the civilization of this age, and that is in some respects worse than Islam, defying the American Government and flouting the purest sentiment of the people. These interests are not those dear to republicanism, and Mr. Smoot should at once be invited to take his grip and depart for the West.

Truth is never difficult of assimilation. It is like wholesome food, easy to appropriate, and the best of all mental and moral tonics.

We are glad to hear that the annual dinner of the New York Wesleyan University Alumni Association, which was held at Hotel Savoy recently, gave renewed evidence of the loyalty of her sons in the enthusiasm and confidence displayed. We have never, however, been quite able to

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Boston Wesleyan Association

[Continued from page 1606]

shown far more astuteness and wisdom than Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregationalists or Protestant Episcopalians have shown in permitting to die journals which once flourished and were world-renowned. Excellent as many of the eclectic monthlies are with their wealth of information about the outer world, about the political evolution of contemporary society, about the "social movement" in all its aspects, they do not fill that place in the clergyman's or intelligent layman's study that the *New Englander*, the *Andover Review*, or the *New World* — to mention a few former able Congregationalist journals — used to fill. It is a humiliating admission for New Englanders to make that a section once so prominent in theology and literature now has to go to the Hudson or beyond for its monthlies or quarterlies dealing with theology, Biblical scholarship and philosophy.

Another aspect of institutional religion must be borne in mind. In the early days of religious journalism in this country (and it is still true in virgin sections just beginning to set up institutions) the church backed the religious journal with its spare capital as faithfully as it did any other form of institutional life. With sacrifice it maintained it until it got on its feet. Your denomination with farsighted shrewdness saw to it that these sacrifices in a time of immaturity and weakness did not inure to the benefit of individuals when the time of prosperity came. By control of your official, denominational press during the fat as well as the lean years, by a shrewd system of relating extension of the circulation of your journals to the financial betterment of your superannuated clergy, you conserved the structure you built up so that it might stand against alterations of condition should they come later. Most of the Protestant denominations, however, adopted the policy of withdrawing both direct support and control from their religious weeklies so soon as they proved able to stand alone, and they turned them over to private owners to develop, with their own personal interests as well as the denomination's in mind. Free from the need or obligation to subsidize these journals, the churches then turned their surplus money to the support of many forms of Christian activity which have come during the past two generations, expecting that henceforth they need never think again of the religious weeklies which were founded and aided in the early decades of the nineteenth century.

Unfortunately, changes came during the last years of the last century and the early years of this, which some of the religious weeklies were unprepared to meet. Private ownership with no responsibility to denominations for an accounting on the financial side had tempted many of them, where profitable, to use all profit for personal or family enrichment. Thus no reserve or sinking fund had been set apart with which to meet and tide over a coming crisis. . . . This task of re-enforcing its weekly press is one of the most imperative now resting upon American Protestantism, for neither foreign missions, nor home missions, nor city missions, nor Christian educational institutions, nor any forms of Christian social enterprise, can prosper unless well served by religious journals with a wide circulation. Eggs will not be laid if the goose is not kept fed. Men cannot give if they do not know to whom to give and why, or if they are not persuaded to give by constant wise appeal. The daily press is giving more attention than it once did to religious news of churches and missions, and it is a welcome aid in serving the kingdom. That special literature sent forth by missionary societies, by colleges and hospitals, often wins givers, it is useless to deny; but it is expensive propaganda compared with the weekly regular visitor to a home. The steadiest, surest, most certain way of educating and training a constituency to all-round service of the church is the visitor to the home which comes with the sanction and hall-mark of some authority, which is

edited by a man with the whole field of denominational activity in mind, who has a sense of proportion of needs and resources, who can marshal facts and arguments with skill, persuasion and cumulative power.

When we turn to the more strictly journalistic phases of our problem, and note new conditions, what do we find?

In the first place, there has been a vast betterment in the typographical, pictorial and esthetic aspects of American periodical literature during the past generation, which has been met by and kept pace with only partially by most religious journals. This fact, together with an ethical indifference to certain forms of advertising which public opinion in the "secular" world no longer tolerates, has alienated from religious periodicals as such the business of some of the most constant and generous advertisers in the country; and for the sins of some all have had to suffer more or less. Where proprietors and editors have endeavored to keep pace with the demands of their constituents for good paper and ink, a tidy "dress," timely illustrations, and news features which appeal to the eye as well as to the mind, they have withstood competition in the business of journal-making and journal-selling fairly well. When they have taken high stand as to advertising they have not only improved their reputation for ethical consistency, but they have gained advertising of a kind which is gilt-edged.

Secondly, those journals have best kept their circulation, and added to it, which have developed most thoroughly the particular field now reserved for the religious journal—in short, they have specialized in journalism. Still mindful of the fact that to many families the religious periodical is the only one entering the home, the wise editor of today and tomorrow also keeps in mind the fact that the daily newspaper penetrates farther and farther into rural regions each year, that the average American home is increasingly rich in magazines and books, that all buyers of books now have trade or literary journals for their guidance, and that farmers have their special journals and housewives theirs also. The editorial corps of the average religious journal, however large in number or however liberally educated or free from drudgery, cannot compete with specialists in literature, farming, housekeeping, etc. Theirs must be the more restricted task of guiding readers in those matters pertaining to institutional religion on its spiritual, intellectual and practical sides, and in interpreting the life of the world at large in terms derived from Jesus' teaching as to the kingdom of God on earth.

Obviously the editor's task is not made the easier by the competition of other journals which enter the home, for they ask for time—and the days are no longer than they used to be, and they frequently start comparisons which he may cringe from meeting. On the other hand, these rivals furnish some facts which he no longer is called upon to publish, but which he is called upon to correlate and interpret, both in their relation to contemporary world movements on a large scale, and in relation to abiding ideals of belief and conduct.

The religious editor of today and tomorrow also has to face the fact that if there is any depth or constancy to the striking movements for church unity now under way in this country, Canada and Australia, the process when completed will involve fundamental changes in the field of religious journalism, diminishing the number of journals published and increasing both the circulation and importance of those which survive to serve the united church. It is to the credit of those who manage and edit the religious press of these countries that, clearly seeing what impends logically, they continue to subordinate personal to institutional ends, and champion the union movements most heartily. To control and shape the policies of such journals as do survive will require wisdom and tact, for the combined churches will be using a polity that has been made, not grown, and will be holding a standard of theology that is the creature of compromise, not of radical affirmation conservative or liberal, born of strife, begotten of deep conviction.

The church must arouse itself soon to its duty to its own journals. They need ampler resources; as a class they need better "make up" and "dress" if they are to satisfy our bettered popular taste; they need more variety, vigor and courage in their discussion of current life in the church and out of it; and some of them need to wake up from a Rip Van Winkle sleep and to realize that it is now 1906, and not the time of John Calvin, John Wesley, or William Ellery Channing. Especially is this true in the South; and nothing has been more significant or encouraging than the recent betterment in every way of some Southern journals, notably the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville. The North is watching the South to see how much of her vast increase of new wealth held by Christians is to go toward institutional religion. The North needs to watch herself just here, too; and it has been wise strategy as well as imperious necessity which has led some Northern religious weeklies to increase their subscription price this year. They need it if they are to continue

The Romance of the Subscription List

REV. F. H. MORGAN.

Field Secretary ZION'S HERALD.

I am not clear as to the precise reason for the nomenclature of my subject. I have taken the pains to look it up in the dictionary, and find there that "Romance," used as a noun, means: "A wonderful adventure or series of extraordinary events;" "A dreamy or imaginative habit of mind." Used as a verb, it means: "To write or tell romances, to indulge in extravagant stories." So, just what am I to conclude? That I am, in the "Field Secretary's Corner," regarded as the author of a series of wonderful adventures, or extraordinary events, the fruit of "a dreamy or imaginative habit of mind?" or that I am looked upon as a sort of a Don Quixote, who with couched lance and mediæval armor goes prancing about on a fiery Rosinante, demolishing windmills? or that I am a second Munchausen, relating all sorts of impossible experiences for the amusement of our readers?

Can there be any romance about so dull and prosaic a thing as a subscription list? Must one go into the realm of the improbable in dealing with such a subject? Let us see. Some years ago there was a book written under the title of

"The Golden Chersonese," dealing with the beautiful and romantic land designated by that name by the poet Camoens, who writes:

"'Twas callèd Chersonèse, and such degree
It gained by earth that yielded golden ore,
They gave a golden ep'thet to the ground;
Some be who fancy Ophir here is found."

A short time after, another book was written entitled, "The Golden Chersonese with the Gilt Rubbed Off"—this latter written by a lady resident, who had found in the hard, practical experiences little of the romance delineated in the former. How often do the romances of life prove to be anything but romances, on closer acquaintance; and this is especially true when dealing with such an every-day matter as the subscription list of a religious paper. Surely it must be easy to maintain a respectable list with so praiseworthy an object as the sustentation of our worn-out preachers; for there is more or less of romance connected with them and their work. Seen from the standpoint of the outsider it may seem easy to maintain a circula-

to exist; they need it still more if they are to live robust, serviceable lives.

The extension of the field of interpretation which the religious journal's editor is supposed to cover now, the breaking down of the elder tradition which divided the religious and the secular, the claim of ethics to a higher place in the social scheme, the emphasis now put upon education and Christian nurture as well as on evangelism and conversion, psychology's conceded function in illuminating "spiritual" experiences, the insistent claims of a social conception of Christianity and of socialism as governmental ideal, the emergence of class politics and race prejudices as disturbing factors in our national and international relations, the open criticism by women as well as men of long-established institutional forms — church, family and state — all these make the task and privilege of making journals like ZION'S HERALD and your many *Advocates* very different today from what it was when Gilbert Haven sat on the tripod, or when Dr. J. M. Buckley began his long career; and they make it a much more difficult task.

tion of ten or twenty thousand year after year, but to those on the inside who have to deal with the matter more closely, it is a more difficult problem, and one which is taxing the best energies of those who have the problem in hand.

There is apt to be more or less sentiment, and romance too, attached to the free lance. He who roves about is thought to have peculiar privileges and opportunities not possible to the stay-at-homes; and while in a measure this is true, there are yet disadvantages that serve to rub the "gilt" off and leave a stern and practical reality. Brethren have often felicitated me on my exemption from the anxieties and cares of the pastoral relation — that I have no worry over the finances or the manifold problems that attach to the regular work; and they seem to think that my present work has no care, forgetful of the incessant care and anxiety over appointments, of the days and nights of travel in making connections and reaching appointments despite connections, of the long, weary waits in country stations and tedious drives through rain and mud, of indifference on the part of pastors who ought to give cordial welcome. These are some of the elements that rub the "gilt" off, and rob the work of all romance and sentiment.

But yet, if you think a moment, you will see that there is a broader meaning to the term, which admits of a little romance. There is no romance in defeat, however brilliant the undertaking. Failure leaves it shorn of its glory, and it becomes ordinary and commonplace; on the other hand, success, achieved despite difficulty and untoward circumstances, lends romance oftentimes to the dull and prosaic things of life. And from this standpoint I have found romance in battling for the subscription list, as I have awakened thought and stimulated interest in our paper in scores of our churches.

The subscription list of a paper, either religious or secular, is the articulated skeleton about which all other departments cluster. While it may not be the most remunerative, it is the most important; for, without a circulation, all else is useless. That the advertising receipts depend largely upon the circulation, is a well-known fact. The great advertisers, through their agencies, scan closely the circulation statements of the various journals which solicit their patronage, and those papers which reach the largest number of prospective and desirable customers are the ones which command the largest advertising figures; hence the circulation is the vital point in the whole matter. Of course, with a religious paper, this may be somewhat modified, as many of this class do not exist for the sole purpose of making money, but for imparting valuable information; yet it is still true that the circulation is an important point, otherwise but a limited number will be benefited. As we all know, our religious papers, and particularly our denominational papers, have suffered greatly in

Likewise on its material, typographical, advertising, administrative side the new environment and new ideals demand men of a broader, larger type for business managers than met fully the demands of a generation or two ago.

But more needed than anything else at the present time is a juster conception by the clergy and laity of what the religious journal may be and may do for the local church, for the individual man, for the denomination and for the kingdom, when it is rightly appreciated by those for whom it is made; and the practical problem of the hour is to get "an arrest of thought," as Miss Frances Willard used to say, on the part of men who either actually or potentially are constituents of religious journals. It might be well, also, for agents of religious institutions which get unlimited free advertising in our journals to consider whether they are duly grateful in substantial ways. It might be well, also, for ecclesiastical statesmen to consider for a season whether religious journalism is often enough in their thoughts as an agent for education, for inspiration, or for reformation of evils if need be.

this direction the past few years. No longer do their limited constituencies appeal to the great advertisers, who spend vast sums of money in placing their wares before the largest number of people possible; no longer, even, do our own local advertisers, apparently, regard them as profitable media for calling attention to their goods; hence the income from this source is largely diminished, and unless we can largely increase our circulation, the time is not far distant when our advertising will fall entirely away.

It is the attempt to do this that has led the Wesleyan Association to undertake the work at present in my hands, which has engaged my attention the past two years. It was with no little regret that I severed the relations with my church and relinquished the pastorate in response to the invitation of the committee to assume the duties of this office; but I had always been loyal to the old HERALD and its interests, pushing its claims and urging its support, hence was fully in sympathy with their purpose and inclined to accept their invitation. And though it has been the most strenuous two years of my entire ministry, I have never regretted the step, though by so doing I became a wanderer, covering a territory greater than that of any preceding elder in New England, and coming into closer relations with the church than any bishop or elder; for during my visitation of nearly 200 different churches, I have traveled fully 13,000 miles, meeting not only the pastors and official boards, but the rank and file of our New England Methodism. My relations with the pastors have been most cordial and pleasant; they have received me into their homes, honored me with their confidences, and laid bare their hopes and purposes, and I have learned that nowhere on God's green earth is there a more heroic and devoted ministry than among our New England Methodist preachers. Here, again, is the element of romance seen, for, without the sentiment and romance which attach to the career of the missionary across the seas, these devoted men are, many of them, toiling away in the midst of heart-breaking discouragements, uncomplainingly doing God's work because it is His work, and asking no other reward than His approval. I have felt during these two years that my work was indeed of God, and as such, have given myself unreservedly to it; and while I miss sadly the congenial atmosphere of the pastorate, yet the satisfaction of meeting and overcoming difficulties, and carrying our paper into hundreds of our homes, has given it a tinge of romance.

I was asked last Monday — and, indeed, it is a frequent question — "Do you prefer this work to the pastorate? Do you enjoy it?" And I am obliged to say, in reply: "No, I do not enjoy it on the whole as I do the pastorate, though there are many pleasant features pertaining to it."

"Why, then," I am asked, "do you continue in it?" And I can only reply that I am in my present work because I believe in it and its possibilities; I am in it because I believe in good literature, yes, in a denominational literature and its value in building character; I am in it because, during a pastorate of over eighteen years, I have seen the value of the church paper as an assistant in my church work, and I regard my call to this work much as I regarded the call to the ministry or the mission-field.

Now let me give you, briefly, some of the reasons why I believe in ZION'S HERALD and its mission to our New England Methodism:

1. Because I believe in the paper and its splendid editor. I am more or less familiar with the general religious press, and I am convinced, both from my own observation and by the sentiments expressed by the leading men in our church, North, East, South, and West, that ZION'S HERALD is unrivaled in its field. Believing, as it does, in a careful, reverent, discriminating examination of the Scriptures, with a sincere desire to know the truth, its pages have been open to the ablest scholars of the church for the presentation of their views. Its editorials have been marked by such vigor and breadth that they are widely read and quoted; its reach after news is so wide and varied that from every section of our church competent correspondents furnish us with the things of interest within their respective fields; its corps of contributors is as able as that of any paper in the country; and I am confident, brethren, that no better paper can come to your own table, or to the homes of your people, than our own magnificent HERALD, with its wise, fearless, sagacious — and to those who really know him — great-hearted editor, Charles Parkhurst.

2. I believe in it because it gives to us that touch without which there can be no real intelligent understanding of the varied and complex interests of the church. How often do people form their opinion from the loose, irresponsible utterances of the secular press, that knows little about the matters under discussion. You are all cognizant of the grievous blunders so frequently made. How important it is, therefore, that we have a paper that can speak intelligently upon these subjects, and give us correctly the information desired. Yet there are many who are satisfied with the loose undenominational publications that, because of their irresponsible relation and the cheapness of their production, are crowding the church papers sadly. People sometimes regard this as an evidence of breadth and catholicity, but the statement of Bishop Fowler that "Families reared on undenominational, irresponsible papers, that have no standard and no judgment day, are especially exposed to be carried about by every wind of new doctrine, or no doctrine, and can never be relied upon in time of storm," is undoubtedly true; while the ignorance of these people, many of whom are official members, is astonishing. I recall one instance, related by one of our pastors. It was that of an official member of many years' standing in our church. Years ago he was a member of the church in New York State, and at one time Bishop Fowler, then a pastor, was his pastor. He afterward removed to New England, and one day came to his pastor with this query: "By the way, pastor, can you tell me what ever became of Charlie Fowler, who used to be my pastor in New York State?" *Twenty years an official member*, and didn't know that "Charlie" Fowler had all these years been a Bishop! Such is fame — and the ignorance of this poor official member who never took a church paper!

How many of our official members can today tell you anything about the consolidation of our benevolences? And yet the outline of this plan has been in every church paper in the connection. Wise and sagacious they are, keeping in closest touch with their own business, yet deplorably ignorant concerning the Lord's business.

You will remember, some of you, that I mentioned a case, a year ago, of an old man down in Connecticut who cared nothing for his church

paper, saying that he found lots of good religious reading in the *Sunday Herald*. The sequel to this I heard later. One of our ministers in Providence told me of an old class-leader in one of his churches whose members complained because he was so dry and uninteresting; his class was going to pieces, and the pastor finally remonstrated with him, telling him that he ought to freshen up a bit, read and study, so as to make his class interested, suggesting that the church paper would be a help to him, and urging him to take it. But he could not persuade him, and matters finally became so bad that he had to remove him and appoint another leader. And this old class-leader and the old man down on the banks of the Connecticut were one and the same person!

3. And then, again, I believe in it as a means of grace to our people. I think of it not simply as a great religious newspaper, not as the exponent of our beloved Methodism alone, but as a means of grace to our people, just as important in many ways as the prayer or class-meeting. The prayer and class-meeting are operative one or two hours a week; the church paper is accessible seven days a week; in the prayer and class-meeting we have usually the more or less — generally less — varied experiences of a more or less competent leader; in the church paper we have the experience and leadership of the greatest and wisest leaders in the things of the kingdom in the whole church. Here we are brought into fellowship with the best minds, the richest, sweetest lives, and the most exalted experiences of the saints of God in all ages. Here our drooping spirits are revived as we read of the mighty, resistless sweep of the kingdom of God around the world, and I know of no means of grace in all our religious economy that will be more helpful than the careful, prayerful, sympathetic perusal of our church paper. Said an elderly man to me in one of our leading New England Southern churches: "When I was first converted, as a lad, my pastor placed in my hands *ZION'S HERALD*, bidding me read it carefully. I knew nothing about Methodism or religion, and I fed upon it; and never since then have I been without the old *HERALD*. God bless it!" If more pastors would do this, we should have a stronger type of Methodists among our converts and probationers.

As I concluded my sermon in one of our Maine churches, an old man got up and asked permission to exhort. Said he: "Ever since I was a child I have read *ZION'S HERALD*. My father took the first number, and since then it has been in our family. I don't know as you can really connect the two facts, but we had nine children in our family, and every one of those boys and girls were converted and in the church before they were twenty-one years of age, and I think *ZION'S HERALD* had something to do with it." Another unsolicited testimonial came to me last summer. I had preached on Sunday, and was walking on the street Monday, when I was accosted by a young man who was watering his horses at the watering-trough (he was driving a milk wagon). He mentioned hearing me the day before, and said: *ZION'S HERALD* has always been in our home as long as I can remember, and I know of nothing that has had a greater influence on my life than that paper." This young man was a college graduate, and he, with another brother and a sister, was one of the most active workers in that church, while the father was an official member. No danger of those young people drifting away from the church!

And still another instance — and is there not a touch of romance in this? It was related to me by a gentleman in one of our Lynn churches as an actual fact. A man and his wife in Lynn had lived together in loving companionship for many years, but dissension had finally crept in, and they began to quarrel. Matters continued to grow worse, until finally they decided that it was better to separate and live apart. This was amicably arranged, and they proceeded to divide their effects, each taking the things most dear, dividing as evenly as possible. All went well

till they came to *ZION'S HERALD*, which had been in the home for many years. Who should have it? Each wanted it; and the upshot of it all was that they could not decide who should have it and concluded that the best way to settle it was by going back to live together and both would have it. So *ZION'S HERALD* became the peacemaker, and all went well.

What might not be accomplished were this view generally held! If every pastor in our patronizing Conferences were thus impressed with the importance of the church paper in his work, if every one of the five thousand official members were thus appreciative, what an inspiration it would be to editor and publisher, and to the Boston Wesleyan Association, who are so splendidly backing the old *HERALD*! If only each one of our pastors would during the next twelve months bring in but two new subscriptions, that would give us an increase of 1,600. If, then, each of the 5,000 official members could be induced to subscribe, what a gain it would be! The first is easily possible, if a reasonable effort were made. What pastor is there who could not find at least two who would gladly subscribe if their attention were called to it; some could, of course, add many more, but an average of two is certainly possible.

We would not for a moment wish to add to the burdens of our busy workers. We want to help them; we will help them if they will give us a chance. But we want this excellent means of grace brought to every family in our church. We want them to have the help and inspiration that the *HERALD* brings; we want every official member, at least, on our list; and we want the hearty and earnest co-operation and sympathy of every pastor in New England. With the

latter, the first two are possible. If every pastor would enter into fullest sympathy and co-operation, thousands of names would be added the coming year. If every pastor would go at this work as earnestly as he tackles the burdensome debt or deficit in current expenses — not neglecting them by any means, but making as systematic and determined a canvass for the church paper as he does to get the last pledge for these — it could be done. To be sure, it takes time and effort, but it pays, and it does not take so much time as you might think. In our largest churches I have spent usually from three to five days. You may say you cannot spare the time, but it *pays*, and it is not lost time. Said Dr. Kaufman, after securing a list of 96 names in his church, in addition to some 30 already on the list: "I count this one of the most profitable weeks I have ever spent in pastoral work, for now I know that in 125 homes of my church the church paper is coming as a weekly visitor, and the result cannot but be helpful."

And so I dare affirm that more *ZION'S HERALDS* in a church means more intelligent membership — I mean, of course, as regards our church interests — better attendance on the prayer-meetings, better type of devotion, greater loyalty to the church and the kingdom of God. It may mean hard work for a time, but it *pays*, and no good end is accomplished without hard work. But the romance will come as you get in touch with the thinking and reading of your people, in the satisfaction that will surely come as you know that in those homes there is one paper at least that stands for Methodism, whose ideals are always high, and whose mental and moral stimulus is always for good.

Bishop Goodsell's Address

Two circumstances command brevity — the lateness of the hour and the fact that I am just home after two days on a sleeper, with wrecks behind me, in front of me, and by the side; so much so that I am profoundly thankful to be once more among my own. I feel like that good woman of the Old Testament who said: "I dwell among mine own people." It gives me joy to be here tonight to welcome our brother from the *Congregationalist*, to be once more under the presidency of the strong and modest head of the Wesleyan Association, in whom modesty and strength are so blended that one cannot say which one exceeds the other. Nor am I less happy to meet my ministerial and lay brethren, both of the Association and of the invited guests. Your welcome, your words, and your faces, emphasize the delight of being at home once more. Yet my joy at being at home is heavily burdened by the news that my dear colleague, Bishop McCabe, is lying paralyzed in New York Hospital, and that Bishop Fowler, while improving, is still an invalid. May God raise up both again! I tremble for those who are not yet stricken, in view of the work of the sixteen months between this and the General Conference. The last General Conference permitted us to enter this quadrennium with no more Bishops than in the preceding quadrennium, and with an additional residence abroad. This has thrown on the board severe labor, increased by the death early in the quadrennium of Bishop Joyce. If the disability of Bishops Fowler and McCabe should continue, even if all the other effective Bishops remain well, we shall have to call home at least two of the Bishops residing abroad to aid in the fall work. We can do the spring work well enough, but the strain of the fall work will give, otherwise, more funerals. I cannot help believing that the prohibition of full presidency in an Annual Conference to such superannuated Bishops as are still able to do good work, was unwise. To my mind they could still effectively preside in those contingencies when an effective Bishop is not immediately available. I am sure the Bishops would never send for an incompetent superannuate.

I find myself excused from the topic assigned me by the fact that the two speakers preceding me have completely covered the subject. There is nothing more to be said concerning the "Relation of the Religious Journal to the Church." It is left me, therefore, to speak on other matters.

First of all, I bring you good tidings from the general church. The note of victory sounds everywhere. The increase in the number of our communicants is 88,000 — 10,000 more than last year. Each year about 70,000 of our members go through death's gate to God. In order to keep our numbers good, we have to win 70,000 souls a year before we can count even a single addition. The last two years have been distinguished by a revival of evangelism, by the strengthening of the evangelizing spirit. In the last two years, 140,000 have died. We have made up this loss and added 156,000 to the number of our communicants.

I believe that these notable results are due to increased definiteness in preaching. Like some other churches, we have suffered here and there for lack of a distinct note in the pulpit. The people will not listen to a trumpet with an uncertain sound. Everywhere, by rich and poor churches, I am asked to send them pastors who have something definite to teach. If religious journalism has lost something of its former hold, it is in part because this wave of uncertainty as to doctrine has washed some of their power away. I agree with our Congregational brother that this certainty in teaching must be regained if pulpit and journal are to hold place and gain power. I agree with him, also, that the religious journal must be endowed. One of our smaller papers — the *Advocate-Journal* — is now being benefited by an endowment soon to reach \$10,000. It is necessary to the independence in the editor and as a preventive of seeking popular favor at the expense of truth.

It is very noteworthy that, whether right or wrong, the papers and churches which have clear answers to religious questions, are those which command attention and grow — by profession of faith. If there is one thing more notice-

The Prince of Peace

MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

able than another in our modern life it is that religious questions are discussed more widely than ever. Men are becoming not less but more religious, I believe, both in thought and in conduct. But they have no love for the bleating pastoral which plaintively pipes a gentle soporific and a moral anæsthetic. The preacher, journal or church that has doctrine on the great subjects of whence, how, whither, have grip and growth. For myself I never find my audience more awake — and I preach, as you know, in my visitations and other services all over the country — than when I allude to and discuss doctrinal questions.

May I say, further, that despite all hesitations and questionings as to the faith; despite all the dumbness of doubt, produced by attacks on the Christian record from either critical or scientific sources, I believe the future of the Christian religion is with those doctrines which are most attacked in our time. I am struck by the great resemblance between the rationalism of the eighteenth century and that of our own day. The objects of attack are the same, and the methods not much different. I believe some doctrines are, through criticism, having clearer definition. New and additional foundations are being placed under the witnessing church by history and archæology as well as by critical studies. Faith will be less taxed as to the old doctrines in the future because nature provides the analogue and the prophecy. The man who knows how much of virgin birth can be found in nature knows that the only miracle in Christ's birth is the elevation of parthenogenesis to the human plane.

I am just back from the far South, and could occupy your time, if it were wise, with information as to the status of social and race questions, of which we hear so much. But I speak of something which seems more important. I have preached the Gospel on this trip to the black and the white; to the former slave and to the always free; and as I notice what the old faith still does in light-giving, in intellectual stimulus, in ethical direction and sanction, I am forced to believe that the old faith, better understood and newly buttressed, is to hold the future. Under that word the black man lifts his eye, but lately closing under the terrors of mumbo jumbo and of hoodoo and voodoo, to the living God and the saving Christ, and is rising, though yet encumbered with a savage ancestry whose cells in his descendant still in the soil of sin produce rape and murder, to the religious level in faith, aspiration and conduct of the white Christian.

I have on this journey preached to the stolid and content mountaineer, collarless, cravatless, sometimes ragged, whose daily necessities include whiskey, snuff and tobacco, and whose daily food is hog and hominy varied by raccoon and opossum. I have noted his brother, who six or eight years ago was like him, but was transformed by God's renewing grace, filled with a hunger for knowledge, called to preach and to prepare for preaching, gaining his preparation by any kind of honest labor, no longer stolid, but receptive and sympathetic, no longer painted with the red of whiskey and the brown of tobacco, but clean and white, dressed fully and decently, and declaring that all the change was due to the Christ who died "for us and for our salvation."

So my faith is reinforced as to the vitality of Christian doctrine. If men seek altruism they find it in the divine Christ, very God of very God who "became poor for our sakes." Men cannot get out of themselves without coming in contact with Him. The people still crowd to hear this story lovingly told. It is the basis of all successful preaching and evangelism. Dawson, Gipsy Smith, Torrey, Chapman, preach it in the old way. It gathers the crowd and wins disciples, and the inspiration and essence of it all is the Divine Christ, by whom we measure our sin and littleness. His feet are on the earth, but His head is among the stars. In that presence we cry out: "My Lord and my God!"

Back in the shadowy centuries the prophet
voiced his presage
Of such an age as never yet earth's harried
hearts had known;
The generations, one by one, rehearsed his mystic
message,
And prayed and passed. And still the Prince
came not unto His own.

And still earth's restless nations raged and
warred against each other,
And might was right, and faith a jest, and
cruel craft was king;
And he was worthiest to be praised who hardest
smote his brother,
Till all the world 'neath one stern rule lay
dumb, a conquered thing!

Lo! through the vibrant air, that long with
sounds of strife had quivered,
Breathed forth a strain more sweet than mortal
ears had ever known;
Exultantly the heavenly host their wondrous
theme delivered —
The long-foretold, the Prince of Peace, had
come unto His own!

Ah! Then no more the clang of war, the anguish
of the wounded!
No more a brother's hate struck down a
brother as a foe.
Peace filled all hearts; the praise of peace
through all the lands resounded;
War seemed a far-off, hideous dream! Ah,
God, that this were so!

Ah, God, that this were so! For still the greedy,
restless nations,
If but another stir, fling forth their arms o'er
land and sea,
Or sit and watch with furtive hate, or hail with
acclamations
Some bloody, fearful "victory!" These are
the things that be!

These and the passionate throes of earth's down-
trodden ones, awaking;
These and the cold and crushing greed that
fain would hold them down,
The while a chill foreboding sets the hearts of
kings a-quaking,
And less for envy than all others, he who
wears a crown.

These are the things that be. Yet still Thy fol-
lowers stand unfaltering;
We know in whom we have believed. Al-
mighty Prince of Peace,
Thou holdest all things in Thy hand. Shall we,
with doubt and faltering,
Loosen our hold on Thee, who mak'st all fear
and doubt to cease?

We see but such a tiny arc of the perfect round
supernal.
A fleeting century seems to us as it would
never end;
Thou seest all, and workest through the ages
vast, eternal;
Grant us, dear Prince, that with Thy work our
little work may blend!

The Christmas of the Sorrowful

TWENTY express wagons, backed up against the curb, waited the arrival of the Limited — twenty express wagons and a hearse. It was Christmas Day and Sunday, and the drivers were adding a Sabbath day's hard labor to a week the daily tasks of which had extended far into the night. There were none too many wagons, as the wire had assured the office, for a vast bulk of delayed Christmas matter was coming on the Limited.

On the Limited, too, was to arrive the body of a good man, who had gone away in search of health, and had found it in the land where pain is no more. His son awaited the arrival of the belated train, and choked down unhappy thoughts which seemed the sadder because all the world was happy, while he and his household were in grief. He arranged the preliminaries with the express company, and waited in its freight room with the undertaker, expecting every minute that the train would arrive. But the train was late, and it seemed impossible to get word of it. So there was nothing to do but wait and think sad thoughts.

Forty expressmen and drivers waited also, exchanging as they waited, their tales of hard service and late hours, and grumbling a little at the work before them.

Still the train delayed. An hour, a half hour more, passed, and the time dragged slowly. The hard-luck stories had all been told. The temporary sense of relief in an hour of rest gave place to a restless desire on the part of the expressmen to get at their work and finish it. A period of silence succeeded the noisy clatter. Then one of the men began to sing:

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing!"

Several voices joined, and all the others listened. The tune was "Antioch," with its adaptation of the opening strains of the "Messiah;" and the bass voices came in full and strong in their response, "And heaven and nature sing."

"What a Friend We have in Jesus" followed, and then a number of other gospel hymns. The sad-hearted man felt himself strangely moved, and drew imperceptibly nearer to the group of singers. At last they sang, "Shall We Gather at the River?" and he looked through swimming eyes and saw that the undertaker, too, was wiping away the tears.

"I lost three little ones just a year ago," said the undertaker. "Diphtheria. They all went at once; all I had. I've been thinking a good deal when I saw other men going home with Christmas things" —

He choked and moved away, but nearer to the singers, and when they sang the last verse he was singing with them.

Then the mourner forgot his own grief. He, too, had a voice, and in the next hymn he joined the steadily growing chorus. Half an hour they sang together, and when the train came in they all felt that they had been joining in a Christmas service, and that some of the Christmas spirit had come to them.

Death keeps no holidays. No season is exempt from his dread visits. The homes to which he comes are often the sadder because of their pathetic contrast with the joy of the world. But even to the sorrowful there are sources of comfort. Happy are those who find them, even through their tears. — *Youth's Companion*.

— "Unto you this day is born a Saviour." This is the fact on which is based the declaration of praise, "Glory to God in the Highest!" and with this praise comes the vow of faith, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see" — and then, crowning all, are the practical results, in love and duty. "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." — *Churchman*.

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

THE HOLLY

REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

"Pastor Felix."

I love the holly for its dark green leaves;
I love the holly for its berries bright;
I love it, for it blooms when all is drear,
And laughs with summer over all the snow.
December hath its holly; June its rose;
August its cardinal; September then
Comes with its coronal of goldenrod,
Sweetening the roadside and the riverbank.
Who does not hail the daisy, when July
Scatters rosettes of countless white and gold?
Dear, on the springtide slope, the dandelion;
Precious the violet's purple, or its white,
And the arbutus, 'mid the withered leaves,
When April showers have fall'n and suns are clear.

But to the Christmas season hath been given
The bright green holly with its berries gay—
An evergreen to mark the birth of Him
Whose blossom cannot fade.

Its prickly leaves,
Though harsh and sharp they seem, are whole-
some sweet;
And its red berries ever seem to me
Like glad, kind eyes in a familiar face—
The cheery presence of the Soul at home.
They speak of God, the Sun, who gives the
snow;
They speak His love, whose love can never cease.
For me the holly; roses are too brief,
And soon the goldenrod has grown forlorn,
Like ashes where the glowing coals have been.
Lo! the green holly brightens and endures!
It is my emblem; it has cheer and hope.
For me, I look for an eternal Spring;
I am inured to Winter and to Grief.

Fair is the rose, but soon the rose is dead;
Fresh is the violet moist, it soon must fade;
Sweet the arbutus on the lap of May,
But frail, as sweet, how sweet is love, they
say,
How fair is earth; how brief, how sad, they are;
The holly fades not; it is brighter still,
Over the fire, when touched by biting frost,
When swept on by the icy withering wind.
The holly fades not; gladness it proclaims—
Gladness, and hope, and love, and life, secure
Within a world where nothing ever dies.

East Corinth, Maine.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Christmastide

How many are in the inn where Christ is
born, yet they know nothing of the glory.
— Rev. G. H. Morrison.

Blessed be the man or woman whose
Christmas bounty reaches out toward
lonely, obscure and unfortunate folk. Not
all of them are poor. — *Congregational-
ist.*

Let no discordant notes break into our
Christmas songs of joy. If you have
trouble, praise God that it is no worse. If
you are in sorrow, ask Him that your sor-
row may be turned into joy. It is a day
for sweet communion and happy fellow-
ship and noble generosity. Open your
treasures and present gifts. Keep within
your means. If treasures are small, let the
gifts be limited. Make up for smallness in
material gifts by largeness in good will
and hallowed by love. "If there be first a
willing mind, it is accepted according to
that a man hath." A cheery spirit, a pure
heart, an affectionate nature, an apprecia-
tive disposition, a sound judgment, a level
head, can make any Christmas in any place
a season of special inspiration and precious

companionship long to be remembered. —
Michigan Christian Advocate.

Every Christian should be a new centre
of Christ-life in this world. That is what
Jesus meant when He said: "The king-
dom of God is within you." He wants us
to be so filled with His life that His influ-
ence shall pour out through our lives for
the brightening and sweetening of the
world. He wants us to start a new Christ-
mas every 'ay, wherever we are. — *J. R.
Miller, D. D.*

Any one of us could send our son or
daughter, were it for the child's advan-
tage, to the very ends of the earth, know-
ing that for a long term of years there
could be no meeting again, no sound of the
voice, no smile of the face. Absence and
separation of this kind are constantly and
cheerfully undergone by those who send
the child to school, by the soldier, the
explorer, the merchant, the missionary.
God tenderly stoops down and calls from
the household group a dear one to go to
His school in the upper room which we
call heaven. He sends His tenderest
angel to be that child's convoy. He does
not tell us when, but He promises in His
own good time to take us where our
darling has gone. We need have no fear,
for the Lord Himself went over the way
first, and we shall surely tread it safely.
It may be a very little while — a week, a
month, a year — before the messenger
shall come for us, and the period of ab-
sence be over. The seasons run their
ceaseless round, and winter only breaks
the road for spring. Though you do not
join the Christmas songs this year, an-
other year will bring you some new hope,
some new joy. Suffering is transient.
Love is always repairing loss.

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

— *Mrs. Margaret Bottome.*

The little present, or the rare and long-
wished-for gift (it matters not whether
the vessel be of gold or silver or iron or
wood or clay, or just a small bit of birch-
bark folded into a cup), may carry a
message something like this:

"I am thinking of you today, because
it is Christmas, and I wish you happi-
ness. And tomorrow, because it will
be the day after Christmas, I shall
still wish you happiness, and so on, clear
through the year. I may not be able to
tell you about it every day, because I may
be far away, or because both of us may be
very busy, or perhaps because I cannot
even afford to pay the postage on so many
letters or find the time to write them.
But that makes no difference. The
thought and the wish will be here just the
same. In my work and in the business of
life I mean to try not to be unfair to you
or injure you in any way. In my pleasure,
if we can be together, I would like to
share the fun with you. Whatever joy or
success comes to you will make me glad.

Without pretence, and in plain words,
good will to you is what I mean." — *Henry
Van Dyke.*

We cannot but miss some loved faces in
the Christmas groups, for there are in
most homes vacant chairs. As Dr. Chad-
wick has said:

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore —
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more."

But there is no jar in our Christmas
jubilation because of the absent who have
gone home. They are with God, with that
God who so loved the world that He sent
His only Son to redeem it. God is with us.
His Child of heaven tabernacled in our
clay. God is with them, and they behold
the face of the risen Saviour in the land
where all is love. I wonder if there is not
a richer note in the chorals there on
Christmas morning, caught from our
chorals here, which rise from thousands
and tens of thousands to praise the One
whose hands and feet bear the marks of
the nails. Nay, our absent do not darken
our Christmas joy. They make it only the
more radiant. — *Mrs. Margaret E. Sang-
ster.*

The message of Christmas then, now and
forever, is a message of joy because it is a
message bright with hope. Christ came
bringing a genuine gospel — a good spell —
a story of love and forgiveness and power
over sin such as men had been listening
for ever since the angel with the flaming
sword took his stand at the gateway of
Eden. The star of Bethlehem lighted the
way to the stable where His mother
crooned her low song amid the beasts of
the field, but it also shone as a great star
of hope upon the darkness and despair of
the world. And that hope has shone on un-
dimmed through the years. And whence
has it derived its constancy and its assur-
ance? Not from the fact that He once
for all sent His message of love to us, but
because He himself came; stooped to our
low estate, and entered into fellowship
with men and became a little child. All
things are possible after that. — *Chris-
tian Guardian.*

O Lord, who in Thine infinite love didst
send Thy Son into the world to be our Sav-
iour, help us to remember during this sea-
son of rejoicing His lowly birth that we
may be humble, and His divine sonship
that we know ourselves also to be Thy
sons and daughters. Fill our hearts with
Thy love and replenish us with Thy grace
so that we may follow the example which
He has left before us. Cause our thoughts
of Him to inspire us to holy living and
kindly deeds, enkindle in our hearts new
desires to serve Him, and enable us to fin-
ish the work which Thou hast given us to
do. Amen. — *John C. Ferguson.*

The Forgotten One

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

IT was Christmas Eve, but there was no frost, or snow, or sparkle. It was a green Christmas, and the night was mild and dim, with hazy starlight. A little wind was laughing freakishly among the firs around Ingleside and rustling among the sere grasses along the garden walks. It was more like a night in early spring or late fall than in December; but it was Christmas Eve, and there was a light in every window of Ingleside, the glow breaking out through the whispering darkness like a flame-red blossom swung against the background of the evergreens; for the children were coming home for the Christmas reunion, as they always came — Fritz and Margaret and Laddie and Nora, and Robert's two boys in the place of Robert, who had died fourteen years ago — and the old house must put forth its best of light and good cheer to welcome them.

Doctor Fritz and his brood were the last to arrive, driving up to the hall door amid a chorus of welcoming barks from the old dogs and a hail of merry calls from the group in the open doorway.

"We're all here now," said the little mother, as she put her arms about the neck of her stalwart first-born and kissed his bearded face. There were handshakings and greetings and laughter. Only Nanny, far back in the shadows of the firelit hall, swallowed a resentful sob, and wiped two bitter tears from her eyes with her little red hand.

"We're not all here," she murmured under her breath. "Miss Avis isn't here. Oh, how can they be so glad? How can they have forgotten?"

But nobody heard or heeded Nanny — she was only the little orphan "help" girl at Ingleside. They were all very good to her, and they were all very fond of her, but at the times of family reunion Nanny was unconsciously counted out. There was no bond of blood to unite her to them, and she was left on the fringe of things. Nanny never resented this — it was all a matter of course to her; but on this Christmas Eve her heart was broken because she thought that nobody remembered Miss Avis.

After supper they all gathered around the open fireplace of the hall, hung with its berries and evergreens in honor of the morrow. It was their unwritten law to form a fireside circle on Christmas Eve and tell each other what the year had brought them of good and ill, sorrow and joy. The circle was smaller by one than it had been the year before, but none spoke of that. There was a smile on every face and happiness in every voice.

The father and mother sat in the centre, gray-haired and placid, their fine old faces written over with the history of gracious lives. Beside the mother, Doctor Fritz sat like a boy, on the floor, with his massive head, gray as his father's, on her lap, and one of his smooth, muscular hands, that were as tender as a woman's at the operating table, clasped in hers. Next to him sat sweet Nora, the twenty-year-old "baby," who taught in a city school; the rosy firelight gleamed lovingly over her girlish beauty of burnished brown hair,

dreamy blue eyes, and soft, virginal curves of cheek and throat. Doctor Fritz's spare arm was about her, but Nora's own hands were clasped over her knee, and on one of them sparkled a diamond that had not been there at the last Christmas reunion. Laddie, who figured as Archibald only in the family Bible, sat close to the ingle-nook — a handsome young fellow with a daring brow and rollicking eyes. On the other side sat Margaret, hand in hand with her father, a woman whose gracious sweetness of nature enveloped her as a garment; and Robert's two laughing boys filled up the circle, looking so much alike that it was hard to say which was Cecil and which was Sid.

Margaret's husband and Fritz's wife were playing games with the children in the parlor, whence shrieks of merriment drifted out into the hall. Nanny might have been with them had she chosen, but she preferred to sit alone in the darkest corner of the hall and gaze with jealous, unhappy eyes at the mirthful group about the fire, listening to their story and jest and laughter with unavailing protest in her heart. Oh, how could they have forgotten so soon? It was not yet a full year since Miss Avis had gone. Last Christmas Eve she had sat there, a sweet and saintly presence, in the ingle-nook, more, so it had almost seemed, the centre of the home circle than the father and mother; and now the December stars were shining over her grave, and not one of that heedless group remembered her; not once was her name spoken; even her old dog had forgotten her — he sat with his nose in Margaret's lap, blinking with drowsy, aged contentment at the fire.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" whispered Nanny, under cover of the hearty laughter which greeted a story Doctor Fritz had been telling. She slipped out into the kitchen, put on her hood and cloak, and took from a box under the table a little wreath of holly. She had made it out of the bits left over from the decorations. Miss Avis had loved holly; Miss Avis had loved every green, growing thing.

As Nanny opened the kitchen door something cold touched her hand, and there stood the old dog, wagging his tail and looking up at her with wistful eyes, mutely pleading to be taken, too.

"So you do remember her, Gypsy," said Nanny, patting his head. "Come along, then. We'll go together."

They slipped out into the night. It was quite dark, but it was not far to the graveyard — just out through the evergreens and along a field by-path and across the road. The old church was there, with its square tower, and the white stones gleaming all around it. Nanny went straight to a shadowy corner and knelt on the sere grasses while she placed her holly wreath on Miss Avis' grave. The tears in her eyes brimmed over.

"O Miss Avis! Miss Avis!" she sobbed. "I miss you so — I miss you so! It can't ever seem like Christmas to me without you. You were always so sweet and kind to me. There ain't a day passes but I think of you and all the things you used to say to me, and I try to be good like you'd

want me to be. But I hate them for forgetting you — yes, I do! I'll never forget you, darling Miss Avis! I'd rather be here alone with you in the dark than back there with them."

Nanny sat down by the grave. The old dog lay down by her side with his forepaws on the turf and his eyes fixed on the tall white marble shaft. It was too dark for Nanny to read the inscription, but she knew every word of it: "In loving remembrance of Avis Maywood, died January 20, 1902, aged 45." And underneath the lines of her own choosing:

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

But they had forgotten her — oh, they had forgotten her already!

When half an hour had passed, Nanny was startled by approaching footsteps. Not wishing to be seen, she crept softly behind the headstones into the shadow of the willow on the further side, and the old dog followed. Doctor Fritz, coming to the grave, thought himself alone with the dead. He knelt down by the headstone and pressed his face against it.

"Avis," he said gently, "dear Avis, I have come to visit your grave tonight because you seem nearer to me here than elsewhere. And I want to talk to you, Avis, as I have always talked to you every Christmastide since we were children together. I have missed you so tonight, dear friend and sympathizer — no words can tell how I have missed you — your welcoming handclasp and your sweet face in the firelight shadows. I could not bear to speak your name, the aching sense of loss was so bitter. Amid all the Christmas mirth and good fellowship I felt the sorrow of your vacant chair. Avis, I wanted to tell you what the year had brought to me. My theory has been proved; it has made me a famous man. Last Christmas, Avis, I told you of it, and you listened and understood and believed in it. Dear Avis, once again I thank you for all you have been to me — all you are yet. I have brought you your roses; they are as white and pure and fragrant as your life."

Other footsteps came so quickly on Doctor Fritz' retreating ones that Nanny could not rise. It was Laddie this time — gay, careless, thoughtless Laddie.

"Roses? So Fritz has been here! I have brought you lilies, Avis. O Avis, I miss you so! You were so jolly and good — you understood a fellow so well. I had to come here tonight to tell you how much I miss you. It doesn't seem half home without you. Avis, I'm trying to be a better chap — more the sort of man you'd have me be. I've given the old set the go-by — I'm trying to live up to your standard. It would be easier if you were here to help me. When I was a kid it was always easier to be good for awhile after I'd talked things over with you. I've got the best mother a fellow ever had, but you and I were such chums, weren't we, Avis? I thought I'd just break down in there tonight and put a damper on everything by crying like a baby. If anybody had spoken about you, I should have. Hello!"

Laddie wheeled around with a start; but it was only Robert's two boys, who came shyly up to the grave, half hanging back to find any one else there.

"Hello, boys," said Laddie, huskily.

"So you've come to see her grave, too?"

"Yes," said Cecil, gravely. "We — we just had to. We couldn't go to bed without coming. Oh, isn't it lonesome without Cousin Avis?"

"She was always so good to us," said Sid.

"She used to talk to us so nice," said Cecil, chokily. "But she liked fun, too."

"Boys," said Laddie, solemnly, "never forget what Cousin Avis used to say to you. Never forget that you have got to grow up into men she'd be proud of."

They went away then, the boys and their boyish uncle; and when they had gone Nora came, stealing timidly through the shadows, starting at the rustle of the wind in the trees.

"O Avis," she whispered, "I want to see you so much! I want to tell you all about it — about *him*. You would understand so well. He is the best and dearest lover ever a girl had. You would think so, too. O Avis, I miss you so much! There's a little shadow even on my happiness because I can't talk it over with you in the old way. O Avis, it was dreadful to sit around the fire tonight and not see you. Perhaps you were there in spirit. I love to think you were, but I wanted to see you. You were always there to come home to before, Avis, dear."

Sobbing, she went away; and then came Margaret, the grave, strong Margaret.

"Dear cousin, dear to me as a sister, it seemed to me that I must come to you here tonight. I cannot tell you how much I miss your wise, clear-sighted advice and judgment, your wholesome companionship. A little son was born to me this past year, Avis. How glad you would have been, for you knew, as none other did, the bitterness of my childless heart. How we would have delighted to talk over my baby together, and teach him wisely between us! Avis, Avis, your going made a blank that can never be filled for me!"

Margaret was still standing there when the old people came.

"Father! Mother! Isn't it too late and chilly for you to be here?"

"No, Margaret, no," said the mother.

"I couldn't go to my bed without coming to see Avis' grave. I brought her up from a baby — her dying mother gave her to me. She was as much my own child as any of you. And oh! I miss her so. You only miss her when you come home, but I miss her all the time — every day!"

"We all miss her, mother," said the old father, tremulously. "She was a good girl — Avis was a good girl. Good night, Avis!"

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime bid her good-morning," quoted Margaret, softly. "That was her own wish, you know. Let us go back now. It is getting late."

When they had gone Nanny crept out from the shadows. It had not occurred to her that perhaps she should not have listened — she had been too shy to make her presence known to those who came to Avis' grave. But her heart was full of joy.

"O Miss Avis, I'm so glad, I'm so glad! They haven't forgotten you after all, Miss Avis dear, not one of them. I'm sorry I was so cross at them; and I'm so glad they haven't forgotten you. I love them for it."

Then the old dog and Nanny went home together.

Cavendish, P. E. I.

A Song of Christmastide

JULIA E. ABBOTT.

A song — a song of Christmastide,
Of breezes whispering nigh
Where shepherds watched their fleecy flocks
Beneath an Eastern sky.

A song of how the stars grew pale,
Dimmed by the radiant light,
When angels came from heaven to earth
That first glad Christmas night.

A song — a song of Christmastide!

For, hark! the angels say:

"In Bethlehem the Christ is born —

I bring you joy today!"

The King foretold by prophets wise,

Whose reign shall never cease;

Sweet swelled the chorus from the skies:

"Behold, I bring you peace!"

A song — a song of Christmastide;

Of manger-cradled King;

Of shepherds kneeling at His feet

In reverent worshipping;

Of men of wisdom bringing gifts,

Who journeyed from afar

To find the Babe of Bethlehem,

Led by a lustrous star.

A song — a song of Christmastide,

Strains borne from far away;

Through centuries singing, ringing clear

They come to us today;

And sweet the burden of the song

That nevermore shall cease;

Heaven's harmony let earth prolong —

"Behold, I bring you peace!"

A song of that first Christmastide

When few there were to know

And worship Christ, the Saviour-King,

Who loved us long ago.

A song of this best Christmastide,

When hearts their homage bring —

From nations scattered far and wide —

To Bethlehem's glorious King.

Jane Ambler's Windfall

J. L. HARBOUR.

JANE AMBLER was helping old Susan Tyrrell and Elvira Knapp sort over a big heap of Baldwin apples piled in a dull red pyramid on the floor of a long shed back of the big, square, red-brick building on the county farm. Jarvis Lister, keeper of the poorhouse, had stored the apples several months, hoping for a rise in price; but as there were no signs of the hoped-for rise, he had decided to sort over the apples and market them before Christmas, feeling afraid that they would decrease in price after that time. It was a raw day in December, and almost cold enough in the old shed to freeze the apples. It was quite cold enough to chill thoroughly the three old women who were sorting them and throwing aside only those that were badly decayed. Jarvis had told them to "work in" as many as possible of the small and partly decayed apples. He was a thrifty man, but was far removed from the unfeeling and brutal keeper of the poorhouse of whom one sometimes reads.

Jane Ambler was sixty-nine, and had been an occupant of the poorhouse for six years. Had it not been for the misfortune of a paralyzed right arm, she would have been able to support herself, and would thereby have been saved the intense humiliation of "coming on the county," as she put it. But Jane was of a cheery and optimistic spirit, and had long ago ceased to bemoan the fact that she was "on the county."

"I'm one that always tries to make the best of everything," Jane was saying to old Susan Tyrrell, who was in very low spirits that morning, and who was getting such satisfaction as she could in talking of her "better days." "I know," added Jane, "that I once read in a book that if folks couldn't have what they wanted, it was a mighty good thing for 'em to be satisfied with what they could git, and I thought then, an' still think, that there is

a heap o' good sense in that advice. When I first knowed that I had to come to the poorhouse, it just seemed as if I never in all the world could come to it — never. Then I began to feel that" —

The remark was never finished, for at that moment Mrs. Jarvis Lister opened the door at the other end of the shed, and said:

"Jane, there's some one come to see you."

"To see me, Mis' Lister?"

"To see you, yes."

"Who is it?"

"Lawyer Thompson."

"Lawyer Thompson? To see me? My king! What in time kin he or any other lawyer want to see me for? I ain't done nothin' to git arrested for."

Jane associated lawyers with high crimes and jails, and she was manifestly excited as she rose somewhat stiffly from the strip of old carpet on which she had been sitting on the barn floor.

"Mebbe he only wants to hale me into court as a witness, although the land knows that I ain't seen any fuss nor been mixed up with mischief of no kind. I'll just slip on a clean aporn an' wash myself up a little before I go in to see him. But what he kin want o' me does dash me, for sure."

Jane was not long kept in ignorance of the purpose of Lawyer Thompson's call.

"I suppose that you remember your cousin, Jared Means, who lived over in Ralston?" said Lawyer Thompson.

"Why, yes," said Jane. "I do remember Jared, but it's many a long day since I saw or heard from him. I writ him a letter about the time I was brought here an' asked him if he could help me out any, for he is a real well-off man, and my father took him in and give him a home for nine or ten years when he was a poor little orphan boy. So I thought I had the right to ask him to help me some, seein' that he

was well able to do it, but he never made no answer to the letter. He was awful close from a young man up, an' seemed to just live to save."

"He died two weeks ago," said Lawyer Thompson.

"You don't say! Well, I don't know as I've any call to feel particularly sorry, although I never wished him no harm, on-grateful as he often showed himself to be. The Lord will judge him."

"A brother of mine over in Ralston is executor of your cousin Jared's estate, and I have a letter from him today asking me to look you up and tell you that Jared left you fifteen hundred dollars in cash, with instructions that the bequest be paid within a month of the time of his death."

"My king!" exclaimed Jane. "You don't mean it! If it was the first day o' April, I'd say sure that you was tryin' to April Fool me. Jared Means dead, and left me fifteen hundred dollars?"

"That is about the size of it, Jane," said Lawyer Thompson, rejoiced to be the bearer of such glad tidings.

"Well, if I ain't beat!" exclaimed Jane. "Why, I never had even fifty dollars o' my own in my hand at one time in all the born days o' my life! I—I—why, I kin leave here if I want to, can't I?"

"You certainly can, Jane."

Lawyer Thompson left Jane a good deal dazed over her windfall, but when he had gone she took off her clean apron and went back to the two old women who were still sorting apples in the shed.

"I've had quite a windfall," she said.

Eager curiosity was in the faces of Susan and Elvira, who had spent the time during Jane's absence in conjecture as to who her caller could be. It was so seldom that any of the inmates of the poorhouse had callers, and neither of the old women could remember when any one had come to see Jane.

"You've had what?" asked old Susan.

"A reg'lar windfall. It seems like a dream, and mebbe one o' you had better pinch me to see if I'm awake or not. It doesn't seem to me that I am. Think o' me bein' left fifteen hundred dollars!"

The apple in old Elvira's bent and bony fingers fell to the shed floor and rolled away. Her slit of a mouth opened and closed several times before she finally gasped out:

"Jane Ambler! How you talk! I guess you're jest foolin'."

"I don't wonder that you think so; but it's the plain truth. That's what Lawyer Thompson come to see me for. A cousin o' mine, Jared Means, has died and left me all that amount o' money, an' I'm to git it right away."

"My land!" gasped old Susan. "I reckon you'll fly high with it!"

"Yes, an' I reckon it'll be good-by to this place," said Elvira.

"I reckon so," replied Jane. "But it's all so sudden that I ain't pulled myself together enough since I heard it to make no plans."

"I guess that if I had had all that money, or half of it, left to me, I wouldn't set there an' sort apples as you be doin', I guess I wouldn't," said Susan, with decision.

"Well, I ain't got the money in hand yet; an' even if I had, I dunno but I'd

help you and Elvira out, with all these apples to sort. I wouldn't be above lendin' a helpin' hand, although I ain't got but jest one to lend."

"What you goin' to buy first off when you do git the money?" asked Elvira.

"A hull pound o' the nicest pep'mint drops I can git," replied Jane, promptly. "There's no sweetie that I like as I like pep'mint drops, an' I've said many an' many a time that if I ever had the means to spare for 'em, that I'd have a whole solid pound of 'em; an' now I mean to. But I ain't a-goin' to be stingy with 'em, for I allow to pass 'em round."

The three old women forgot the cold and discomfort of the old shed while they discussed Jane's windfall, and they were so engrossed in the topic that they were almost sorry when the dinner-bell rang.

Lawyer Thompson brought Jane her money a week later, and Jarvis Lister carried her to town that she might deposit it in the savings bank.

"I reckon, Jarvis," said Jane on the way to town, "that you won't object to me stayin' at the county house until after Christmas. It's only ten days until then, an' I ain't got my plans fully made. Anyhow, I'd kind o' like to keep Christmas with them I've been with so many years."

"You can stay with us just as well as not until after Christmas, and longer if you've a mind to," replied Jarvis. "But I should think you'd be glad to get away."

"Well, of course it is nice to feel that I'm independent an' not a pauper, but, when I come to think of it, about all the friends I have are here in the county house. But the chief reason why I want to stay until after Christmas with you is that I—I—well, I dunno but you'll think that I'm plum foolish, but I've been thinkin' the matter over a lot since I had my windfall; an' the fact is, Jarvis, I want to git up a Christmas tree at the county house."

"A Christmas tree! Why, I reckoned that Christmas trees were for children, chiefly, and you know that we have only three children at the county house."

"I know that you've only three who are children in years—pore little things! But some o' the old folks are kind o' in their second childhood, and I ain't a doubt but that all of 'em would enjoy a tree. Anyhow, I want to have one for 'em out o' my little windfall and give 'em all a happy mem'ry for the future when I'm gone. An' another thing, Jarvis, I want the tree to be a complete s'prise, with only you an' Mis' Lister an' me to know a thing about it. I've planned it all out. You know there's the whole o' the second floor in the new wing to the main building still in one big room. My idea is to rig up a tree there—an' it could easily be done with no one knowin' a thing about it. I kin just see now how tickled a lot o' them pore old bodies will be when they see the tree. I lot on puttin' a present on the tree for ev'ry last one of 'em, an' I reckon I'll have to ask you to take me to town again before Christmas, for I can't buy nearly all I want to today. You ain't no objection to the tree, have you, Jarvis?"

"Why, no, only, to be quite frank with you, Jane, I think that you'd better save your money, an' not waste any of it on a Christmas tree."

"I don't feel that I am wasting any of it, Jarvis. I don't think that money is ever wasted when it makes other folks happy in an innocent way. An' I've wished again an' again at Christmas times that I had some money to spend for others. Many's the time I've said to myself that if I ever *did* have any money, I allowed to buy a lot o' presents for others at Christmas time an' keep Christmas as I'd like to. Yes, an' I'm willin' to lay out some money to help make the Christmas dinner at the county farm this Christmas the finest we ever had, although I will say for you an' Mis' Lister that you have done real well by us in the past when it comes to Christmas dinners; but I want this one to be the beater."

An hour later Jane was going from store to store radiantly happy while making her purchases. The clerks marveled at the lavish expenditures of the little, shabby old woman in a battered old bonnet that had been out of fashion for years. The black and white shawl she wore was faded and darned, and there were holes in the rusty black gloves on her hands. Her little fur cape was moth-eaten and her black skirt had a yellow tinge.

"I want you to show me something real nice and warm an' neat in the way o' little breakfast shawls for old ladies," said Jane to the attendant in one store. "I shall want six of 'em if they suit me. They are for some friends o' mine in—well, no matter where, but they all eat in the same place, an' sometimes it's hard to get the dining-room het up good an' warm for breakfast of a cold mornin', an' the old ladies feel the cold a good deal. Then I'd like six pairs o' real nice fleece-lined slippers, the kind that come up high around the ankles. Do you keep cashmere dress goods?"

"Oh, yes, we have a great variety of it."

"I shall want to see it, an' if it suits me I think I'll take six dress patterns in diff'rent shades. These old ladies—some of 'em, at least—fret a good deal because they ain't got anything fit to wear to church. They could go real often if they had anything to wear, for there is a nice little chapel near where they live. I shall want gloves, an' some real tasty collars, an' mebbe some neat little buzzum-pins to go with the dress patterns. Do you have things for men here—old men?"

"Yes, we have a men's department. You can get everything in the line of men's wear in it."

"I shall want some real thick, warm underthings for a couple o' old men who are dreadful rheumatically, and I shall want as many as three good warm overcoats. Then I want to git a lot o' things for children—for a real smart, nice boy of about twelve years an' two poor little girls, sisters they are, ten and twelve years old, without father or mother. I see you have candy over there. I want six or seven pounds of it in real purty little boxes an' I—oh, them lovely big dolls over there! Just what I'm on the hunt of! An' tea! I see you have groceries in the basement. I want a couple o' pounds o' the best English breakfast tea I kin buy. Yes, an' I don't want to firgit to buy a pound o' preserved ginger. Most old folks like it to

kind o' nibble at when they are knittin' or sewin' or readin'."

Jane went from counter to counter making her purchases, one purchase suggesting another, until she had spent nearly all of the hundred dollars she had not deposited in the bank. The stores were very attractive with Christmas goods, and it had been years since Jane had enjoyed a woman's joyous prerogative of shopping. Jarvis Lister eyed her many purchases with amazement when they were piled into the sleigh.

"Been buying out the town, haven't you?" he asked.

"No, not quite, Jarvis, but I've made a good beginning. I'll finish up the next time I come in," replied Jane, merrily. Her dim old eyes were shining as they had not shone for years, and there was a bit of unwonted color in her wrinkled cheeks. She chattered like a magpie all the way home, and her plans for the tree took more definite shape.

Mrs. Lister entered heartily into Jane's plans for the tree, and that very night a great pine was carried up to the big room in the unfinished wing of the building.

"You see I want to dec'rate an' fix it all up myself, an' it will take me a long time to do it," said Jane. "I've got so much to put on it."

Only Jane and Mr. and Mrs. Lister knew of all that was going forward in the big room in which the tree had been set up. Jane made two more trips to the town, and so full was her heart of the generous spirit of Christmas that each time she drew fifty dollars from the bank and spent all of it, and the day before Christmas she said to Jarvis Lister, who was going to town that day:

"Jarvis, I had another happy thought for that tree o' mine las' night. Now I know just how it feels not to have a cent o' your own on top o' the created airth. It's an awful feelin'. I've often thought in the years I been here how nice it would seem to have just a little money o' my very own to do as I'd a mind to with, even if I never spent it at all. Just the feel of it would have been comfortin' in a way you can't know anything about. So it come to me all of a sudden las' night that I'd like to put a little cash money on the tree in a purty little envelope for ev'ry one o' the poor bodies here, an' I'll give you my bank-book an' a written order, an' you bring me out fifty dollars in bran' new one an' two dollar bills if you can git them."

At the dinner table on the day before Christmas Mrs. Lister said to the inmates of the poorhouse:

"We are going to have supper an hour earlier than usual because we have planned to have a little Christmas merriment in the evening."

"What kind of merriment?" asked Jane, innocently.

"You come and see. It will be sure to be something genuinely merry if you are there. I would like to have all of you come to the parlor by six o'clock."

And when they had heeded this request Mrs. Lister said: "Now will all of you please follow Jane."

Jane was almost bursting with suppressed excitement as she led the way up the long flight of stairs leading to the great

room in which her precious tree was standing in all its shining and glittering beauty. She waited at the door until her followers had gathered around her; then she threw open the door. There stood the great tree in the centre of the big room. There was no light except that sent forth by the hundred Christmas candles on the tree. Teddy Clymer gave a boyish shriek of delight, followed by an explosive "Gee!" while the two little Piper girls near him gave utterance to prolonged "O-o-o-o-hs!" The old ladies gasped, and old Ben Trimpy, who had once been a sailor, said:

"Shiver my timbers, if that isn't great!"

"It's a Jim-dandy of a tree, that's what it is!" said old Dan Peters.

"Did any one ever see the like o' that?" said old Betty Dryden, patting the palms of her hands together softly.

"For — pity — sake!" drawled out old Esther Todd, as she held up both hands.

But no one was quite so happy as the generous old soul who had spent so many joyous days in trimming the tree and loading it with her purchases.

"I'm havin' the best time of all," she declared, as she handed out the many presents and listened to the joyful exclamations of delight they provoked. And when all had been distributed Mr. and Mrs. Lister added a little surprise of which Jane had been kept in ignorance — a liberal supply of the unheard-of luxury of ice-cream and cake, to which was added delicious coffee, "with real cream," as Elvira Knapp whispered to Esther Todd. Years later some of the decrepit inmates of the county farm dwelt long and rapturously on the events of that joyous Christmas Eve, the memory of which would never be lost to them.

A few days later Jane appeared at the private sitting-room of Mr. and Mrs. Lister, and asked if she could come in for a few minutes.

"I'll tell you what I've come to say," she said. "I've thought it all over, and I ain't goin' away. I'm goin' to stay right here."

"But I do not think that the authorities will allow a woman with your bank account to remain here," said Mr. Lister.

"I ain't goin' to have a bank account very long," said Jane. "I'll tell you for why. I've been thinkin' about these children here, little Ted Clymer and the two little Piper girls. This is no fit place for them. Ted is a smart little chap, an' ought to have advantages in the way of an education he never can have here. I have found out that I can board him in town for a hundred dollars a year, and he can go to the fine schools they have there. Then an aunt of the little Piper girls, who is poor but a mighty good woman, says she will take them both if she kin have some help in clothin' an' feedin' 'em. I've seen Lawyer Thompson, an' he says he'll be gardeen for all the children, an' he is as good an' honest a man as ever walked the earth. I allow to turn over half my money to him for the little Piper girls, an' the other half for Teddy Clymer, an' I'll just stay right on here an' enjoy myself thinkin' o' how I'm helpin' to educate three nice little folks an' keepin' 'em out of a place where no child ought to be. Fact is, I've an idee I'd be kind o' home-

sick away from Susan an' Elviry an' Esther, an' the rest of 'em. I ain't got no other friends now, so here I allow to stay unless — well, unless I get another windfall."

"And you'd give that away, you generous soul!" said Mrs. Lister, with tears in her eyes.

"Please the Lord I'd have another Christmas tree, anyhow!" said Jane, fervently.

Boston, Mass.

THE LONELY ONES

EMMA LENTE.

There are some who are not merry in the joyous Christmastide,
And with giving and receiving are not glad and gratified;
For the homes are very dreary whence the little ones have gone;
And no stockings hang in waiting for the advent of the dawn.

Chide not those who shrink from seeing holly wreath and festal tree,
And who turn their ears from hearing sounds of merry revelry;
For the laugh and carols hurt them, and they bend their steps aside
To the chill and silent city — weeping in the Christmastide!

Think of these, ye happy-hearted, with your children round your feet;
Pray the Comforter to reach them with His solace, holy, sweet!
Oh, be pitiful, be tender, ye who number by your side
All the faces small and winsome, in this blessed Christmastide.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

When Gabriel's Trump was Blown

The car was packed with a holiday crowd, and in the impact of bundle against bundle tempers were broken. Tired people are not pleasant people unless they are exceptional people. These people were just people!

Every jolt of the car seemed like a personal indignity, and when the conductor "bucked the centre" to get the fare on the front platform, he trod on people's toes and ruffled their dispositions. Almost every one was mad with some one else, and all were angry at the railroad company because it hung so many people on the straps and did not go out and hang itself.

There were fretful sighs and scowling faces, impatient words and muttered somethings.

But the worst was not yet.

At the next corner a very big and a very wide woman of the negro persuasion accompanied by a much newer and smaller edition of herself entered, and on being told there was plenty of room up forward, pressed to the front and planted her back against the door, and stationed the small bit of vitalized ebony between her knees, while across her face flowed signs of abundant contentment in rare contrast with the irritation clothing the faces of the other passengers.

Her arms were full of bundles, too, over which she could scarcely see the piccaninny below. He wore a coat much too big for him, a cheerful smile, and carried a brilliantly colored tin horn.

Again and again he pressed the horn to his lips, dallying with temptation, but resisting manfully. But to the keen observer it soon became apparent that the soul was awakening, and unless the journey soon came to an end, like many an older and wiser man, he must go down before the tempter.

The time came. A faint, timid note but served to attract scowling faces his way and awaken

feelings of unalloyed rapture in his small heart. And then he fell! A long, long breath, and then high above the sounds of a noisy city arose the militant note of the tin horn.

The look of contentment upon the face of the big, wide woman was driven away by astonishment and severity. She leaned her head forward over the bundles, and in a providential silence which happened along just then, seemed to shout:

"Heah you, Gabriel, yo' blow your trumpet once mo' and I lam yo' good when yo' get home!"

Then there was Christmas good cheer from one end of the car to the other. — *Universalist Leader.*

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Discontented Fir Tree

ONCE upon a time, for things always happen upon a time, there grew in the forest a little fir tree. Round her stood majestic oaks, tall poplars, stately pines and spreading beeches, so that the light of the sun, which is the joy of every tree on earth, reached her only by piercing through treetops and running round boughs covered with leaves, or darting between the stout trunks of giant trees.

Rarely did she get a view of the sky. Even the rain, which brought such delicious refreshment when she was thirsty, fell first on the great trees, and then dripped from their branches into her arms.

The little fir began to think herself ill treated, to complain and look sullen, which never improves anybody's looks, and thus she bewailed her unhappy lot all the summer. When the tall trees put on their gorgeous autumn costumes, she grew morose, and at last was quite inconsolable.

Soon the snow descended, and, while it fell here and there upon the scraggy limbs of the tall trees, it wrapped the little fir in a cloak of ermine, so that she looked like a princess.

"After all," she said, "I am going to have my time, and those trees cannot hide me from the sun any longer."

One day, while she was taking delight in her good fortune, she heard footsteps, and soon three strong men, bearing tools, stood before her.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the men, "this is a beauty! No need to look farther. We will take it up by the roots."

Without delay the little fir was carefully lifted out of the earth, her delicate roots wrapped in a soft cloth and placed in a wagon.

After riding a long distance, she was lifted out of the wagon at the back entrance of a great palace and carried into a room and tenderly set in a large pot, so beautiful that she almost lost her breath at the sight of it.

After this she was borne into a hall finer and handsomer than anything she had ever seen. The ceiling resembled the blue sky at night when the stars are out. Oh, how the tall trees would envy her if they could see her now! And better fortune came the next day. A man entered the hall and took from a box in his hand wax tapers of every color, and set them among her green branches, so that she bloomed with the hues of the rainbow.

She had never dreamed of so much beauty. All day long persons entered the room, and each one hung something beautiful upon her branches — diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and dolls dressed like fairy queens. She wore more jewels than the queen. At her feet were set magnificent vases of flowers.

"Oh, how everybody honors me!" thought the little fir.

Then came the joyous Christmas Eve. The wax tapers were lighted, and such a blaze of glory shone over the little fir that crowds stood round, exclaiming, "How beautiful!"

How the people laughed and talked! How the children made merry! And how the little fir's heart overflowed with happiness!

"And to think," said she to herself, "that all the time I was lamenting my fate I was being fitted for the king's palace! Oh, I did not know what was for my own good!" — ZITELLA COCKE, in *Youth's Companion*.

A PROBLEM FOR SANTA CLAUS

HELEN ELIZABETH COOLIDGE.

SILK STOCKING:

"I've just been hung by her mamma
For Gladys to enjoy,
And soon I guess that child will own
'Most every kind of toy;
And yet — in whisper low I say,
And hang my head in shame —
She's just the crossiest girl I know,
For all her pretty name.
I wish I might have told St. Nick
To pass this chimney by;
Oh, dear! I'm so oppressed with heat,
I find it hard to sigh."

COTTON STOCKING:

"I'm hanging by a chimney cold,
I'm feeling very blue,
And if St. Nick does pass me by
I don't know what I'll do,
For little Jane has hung me here
With cold and trembling hand;
The blotted note that's pinned on me
She says he'll understand.
'Dear Santa,' this is how it reads,
'Don't give me nothing new,
But mother dear is poor and old,
And has hard work to do;
O fill this tight as tight can be
With pennies she can spend,
For mother is so good to me!
From little Jane, your friend."

I'm told that with his twinkling eyes
St. Nick has read these two;
And, as tonight is Christmas Eve,
I wonder what he'll do!

Washington, D. C.

The Limp-Stocking Society

The hospital was quite crowded with "cases." There was a specially large number in the accident ward, and, dear me! the poor creatures there were in the veterinary department across the room!

"It's a dre-af'ly sickly time!" said the smiling head "veteran," as papa called him, bustling about importantly. "I've set more legs 'n' ar — oh, no, I mean legs, than you can think of, and now I've got to mend Tommy Knapp's Dobbin's juggler vein."

"Yes, it's a busy season," remarked the head nurse of the accident ward, bustling, too, in a

white cap and apron. "All my beds are full, and if Seraphine Selina Simms wasn't 'bout well enough to be 'charged I don't know what I should do, 'cause Pauline Brown is going to bring over her Jo Ann Dark this afternoon. She's burst a blood-vessel, I b'lieve. I've got that to set. Ain't you glad it's 'most Christmas, Morry, so we can rest?"

Maurice, the "veteran," smiled mysteriously.

"I guess somebody else'll be the gladdest," he said. "The little Mullens and the five little Pitcher folks and" —

"Sh! sh! Morry, you're letting your right hand know."

"I'll put it in my pocket where it can't hear," laughed Maurice, hurrying away to the convalescent cot in a corner.

At one end of the big sunshiny room was the queerest ward of all — the "Dispensary for Decrepit Furniture." Papa had written the signboard over the sofa and appointed Philip surgeon-in-charge. Lame little chairs and tables and sofas stood about in all stages of cure. Meggy Burr's red plush paper-doll parlor set was there for treatment, and, bless me, how much it was improving under Dr. Philip's care! And there was Becky Plume's bureau and Ellice Eastman's tin kitchen, for, you see, all the neighborhood was sending patients to the hospital. Everybody seemed interested in it for blocks and blocks on Hanover St., and round two corners on Elm and Periwinkle.

When the patients were all pronounced cured, do you know what was going to be done with them? Sent home? No, they were all going to join the Limp-Stocking Club at Miss Dorothy's. Miss Dorothy was the teacher at the Periwinkle St. private school. In her little boarding-house room, securely pinned to the mantelpiece, hung a row of empty stockings — long limp ones, wee limp ones, and limp middle-sized ones. They were all waiting for the cured hospital patients. Miss Dorothy had borrowed them for the good work.

One day Miss Dorothy had taken the children in to see them as they hung there forlornly empty.

"See," she had said, gently, "how dismal they look! What if one of them was your stocking and it was Christmas morning? Shall we fill them — all of us together — with some of our own treasures that we have had good times with our own selves?"

So the club was formed and the hospital established, for Miss Dorothy said everything that was to go into the limp stockings must be cured of all diseases and troubles, and ready to begin life anew.

When the stockings should be filled, Santa Claus was to spirit them away, down the little smoky Mullen chimney and into the little Pitchers' blank, bare room. The longest, limpest stocking of all was to hang next to "Billy Washwoman's" bed, beside his poor little crutches.

Now I am wondering if all the girls and all the boys on all the pleasant streets in all the towns were to belong to "Limp-Stocking Societies" — why, how many happy little Pitchers and Mullens and lame little "Billy Washwomans" there would be on merry Christmas morning! — *Annie Hamilton Donnell.*

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others — it will cure you.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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Lesson XIII -- December 30

REVIEW OF FOURTH QUARTER

HOME READINGS. — Monday (Dec. 24) — Mark 12: 28-34. Tuesday — Luke 2: 8-20. Wednesday — Matt. 25: 1-13. Thursday — Matt. 25: 14-30. Friday — Luke 23: 13-25. Saturday — Luke 23: 33-46. Sunday — Matt. 28: 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." — ISA. 9: 6.

For a full year we have been studying the life of Jesus Christ. It has been as if for one full circle of the months we had journeyed with Him to and fro over the land that is called "Holy," because it is linked forever with His name. How the scenes of His life pass in panorama before us as we stop now for the review! Judean hills, over which broke a great light, and angels singing the Song of Peace; Bethlehem manger, where a holy mother held to her heart the Holy Child; wise men from the East, star guided, making their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; a carpenter's home in northern Nazareth, where Mary hid deep secrets in her heart, and where grew up an unspotted Child; the prophet's cry in the wilderness; the baptism; the testing of a soul for its work by fierce temptation; and then three years of toil, and care, and journeying, and weariness, and humiliation; a slowly gathered group of simple, earnest men who followed their Master; a great Healer whose touch gave back health to thousands of the suffering sick; a great Teacher who spoke as never man spoke, and to whose thought every commonest thing became a symbol of truth; crystal Sea of Galilee, flashing Jordan, and snowy heights of Hermon; country ways down which the Wayfarer passed; modest villages in which He paused to teach and heal, and cities in whose streets great multitudes thronged after Him as He went; sweet Bethany, on the slopes of Olivet, where Mary and Martha gave Him home; and great and beautiful Jerusalem, with its holy temple and its smoking altars; and without the walls a lonely hill, a dreadful cross, and a

sealed and guarded sepulchre; but beyond that the scenes of forty great days, during which the Risen Christ lingered with His disciples; and, last of all, the Mount of Olives, and the opened heavens, and the clouds receiving the Son of Man out of sight. We have studied it all, we have journeyed with Him, we have heard His voice, we have seen His works. What now? Shall the vision fade, and we go our ways as if we had not been with Him? Is this story to be only as other stories — put away and forgotten? What now, after this year of association, do we think of Christ? Is He to us "Wonderful, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace?"

Plans for Review

As most Sunday-schools are now organized and housed, it becomes almost a necessity for the superintendent to conduct each quarter a general review. But ideally that is the work of the teacher in the class; and, while repetition should be avoided, the class review should never be omitted. Faithful preparatory work should, of course, be done in the class Sunday by Sunday during the quarter, and no review should be undertaken without a definite scheme. Nothing that can be done effectively by the pupils and in the class should ever be done beforehand by the teacher.

The Picture Review

It would be difficult to select another twelve lessons so admirably adapted to review by pictures, as those of the present quarter. The great painters of Christendom have become great through their representation of these scenes; and a masterpiece for each lesson (omitting VIII) is obtainable in cheap form. "Blue prints" may be purchased for two cents apiece; the "Cosmos" and "Perry" reproductions are as cheap, or cheaper; and unmounted photographs of every grade and price are for sale. From old magazines and papers already in the possession of most families artistic illustrations of the closing scenes of our Lord's life may be procured. The teacher should select appropriate pictures beforehand; delay will make the Picture Review impossible. Unruled paper cut into sheets about nine and a half by twelve inches in size, and bound "in homespun" or left unbound, presents a convenient mounting for the pictures. Every one in the class should share in the cost of the work.

The Map Review

A singularly effective review may be made by means of the map of "Jerusalem at the Time of the Gospels." The red outline represents the city in our Lord's day; most of the green outline may be ignored; and those geographical features (printed in black) which are more modern than the events of our lessons, such as the Mosque of Omar and most of the gates, may be omitted. Induce some of your pupils to reproduce this map in outline on a larger scale; and trace on this copied map our Lord's life through the twelve lessons, marking with a lead pencil the road trod by His weary feet during the days of our quarter's lessons so far as that can be determined.

Lesson I finds our Lord in the temple court at Jerusalem on Tuesday morning, April 4. Lessons II and III (probably), on the Mount of Olives on the afternoon of the same Tuesday. (It is possible, however, that the scenes of these three lessons are all in the temple courts.) The first eight verses of Lesson IV go back to Saturday, April 1, and find our Lord in Bethany, which lies on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives; the

scene of verses 14-16 (Lesson IV) is in Jerusalem probably not far from the Sanhedrin hall, west of the temple inclosure, on Tuesday, April 4. The scene of Lesson V is in doubt; whether or not the "upper room" was in a house built outside the walls, we do not know; but we may suppose it to have been in the northwestern part of the city. Between Lessons V and VI our Lord passed eastward, probably across the temple courts (which were open at night during the passover feast) to Gethsemane. The scene of Lesson VII is the house of Caiaphas, toward the south. The scene of Lesson IX may have been in the Tower of Antonia. The traditional "way of sorrow" (the *Via Dolorosa*), leading from the courts of Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate to the cross, is also marked upon the map. That "way" was traced at a time when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was not doubted to mark the immediate neighborhood of Calvary. A favorite modern identification of Calvary is shown in the map, north of the city. The scenes of Lessons X and XI were either in the neighborhood of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre or of Jeremiah's Grotto, according to the view held concerning the location of Calvary. The scene of Lesson XII is in the "upper room," probably the one in which the Last Supper was eaten, and on the Mount of Olives.

A vigorous tracing of our Lord's journeyings during those last days, the presence of the class, as here suggested, will make the whole review exceedingly interesting.

All Aboard for Canada

New Year Excursions to Montreal and Quebec at Reduced Rates

From Dec. 28 to Jan. 2 inclusive the Central Vermont and Grand Trunk Railway Companies, in connection with the Boston & Maine R. R., will sell special excursion tickets from New England points to Montreal and Quebec and return for one fare plus one dollar. For example, the rates from Boston will be \$10 to Montreal and \$12 to Quebec, via Montreal, with stop-over privileges at Montreal and any other point in Canada. From Worcester the fares will be, Montreal, \$9.50, and Quebec, \$11.50; from Springfield they will be, Montreal, \$9.40, and Quebec, \$11.40, with proportionately low rates from other points. These tickets are good returning until Jan. 31. This excursion comes at a time when the ice carnivals and winter sports are in full swing, and offers an unusual opportunity for visiting Canada during one of the most fascinating seasons of the whole year there. The Central Vermont is the popular line to Montreal, and operates three fast express trains daily between Boston and Springfield and that city. The New England States Limited, leaving Boston daily at 11.30 A. M., arriving at Montreal 10 P. M., carries wide vestibule coaches, Pullmans, and a parlor café car, serving meals *a la carte* throughout the journey. Other trains leave at 9 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. For further particulars or reservations write or apply to T. H. Hanley, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont and Grand Trunk Railways, 360 Washington St., Boston.

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for 1907

EPWORTH LEAGUE PAGE

Edited by Rev. George Francis Durgin

THE PRAYER-MEETING — SUNDAY,
DEC. 30

Our Purposes for 1906: Have they been Accomplished? 2 Pet. 3:18; Matt. 6:6; 2 Cor. 6:1; 1 Pet. 2:10; Acts 17:11; Col. 1:24.

Our topic suggests a thoughtful review of the past year. Some there are who object to looking backward. But do not our teachers review and give tests on what we have been over? Who can improve in any other way? Just at this season our merchants are taking inventory. So should the Christian disciple review, the Christian merchant take account of stock.

The lesson should be applied to both chapter and individual. What was our aim as we began the year? Our first reference suggests what it should have been — "growth in grace." This is a trite thought, but one which should be constantly before us. "The church which aims to save its own will lose its own." So will the League; so, too, the individual.

Our League leaders have suggested four very comprehensive means to Christian growth. These are brought out in our references:

1. The Morning Watch. What is this but entering into our closets for prayer (Matt. 6:6) and Bible study (Acts 17:11)? What can maintain soul-life, much less "growth in grace," without Bible study and secret prayer? "Too busy?" Was it not Luther who said: "I have much work to do today, therefore I must spend at least five hours in prayer?" Who shall compute for us the loss of power in our lives, our Leagues, through neglecting to connect to the divine dynamo by the wire of faith? "More noble" are they who "search the Scriptures daily."

2. Mission Study and Effort. Do we rejoice that through our knowledge of their need we have wisely ministered to the heathen? That tonight those who "in time past were no people, are now the people of God?" This should be the joy of every Epworthian. "A mission class and a special missionary interest for each League!" Let this be our motto.

3. In 2 Cor. 6:1 we have suggested the Fellow-Workers' Covenant. This means personal evangelism. Alexander, overtaken by the hunting party whom he had outridden, was found laboring to restore to consciousness a wounded man. As the surprised courtiers drove up, the man opened his eyes, and the king cried: "This is the happiest moment of my life, I have saved a man!" Oh, that each of us might know the joy of "saving a man!" And not his body merely, but his immortal soul.

4. If we "fill up that which is behind in the church" (Col. 1:24), we must be Christian stewards, recognizing that "we are not our own, we are bought with a price." The tithe is our standard. Have we measured up to it? It may mean self-denial, but that is manly, Christlike. What glorious things might have been accomplished during the past year had every Epworthian in New England measured up to this Bible standard!

It is good thus to look broadly over the realm of duty. As we do so, and compare therewith our living, what are our thoughts? Have we gained or lost? Are we filled with regrets and self-reproach? Vain is our remorse unless it drives us to new determination. We stand at the crossing of the roads. For most of us there

will be another chance; 1907 calls for young volunteers, soldiers of the Cross who shall count it a joy to follow in the way of duty.

Let each leader call for "covenanters" for 1907, who will promise their God to keep the Morning Watch, take the Mission Study course, become Christian stewards, and seek personally to win others to Christ. "Vow, and pay thy vows unto the Lord."

CHARLES L. LEONARD.

Pittsfield, Mass.

First Vice-presidents

Have you read Dr. W. J. Dawson's little sixty-page book, "The Forgotten Secret?" If not, I hope you will. It will help you in your leadership of the spiritual work of your League. Dr. Dawson sets forth in choice English the high place that prayer should occupy in all our church work. Do we not too often depend upon original methods and "taking" programs rather than on the spiritual power that comes through communion with God? The thoughts of this book will fit into your "Morning Watch" devotions. It would pay you to have a copy to pass around among your League members, for I am sure you would see as a result a deepening of the religious life of your chapter.

EDWIN S. TASKER,

First Vice-president.

Capturing a Dance

Rev. Shirley D. Coffin, in an interesting letter from his mission field, Old Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa, tells how he and his company of four native Christians, while on a mission tour about a year ago, captured a whole community and supplanted a dance. "The time was well occupied here — we made friends with all; twenty services were held, and much interest was shown by the people. Sometimes we talked to only fifty people, sometimes a hundred, and sometimes five hundred. They had planned for a big dance each night that week, and on the first it did not seem wise to conflict, but the next was our turn. My young men had made friends with the boys. A lot of these joining our number, a lantern furnishing light, we started a meeting at the other end of the kraal at 7.30. Singing and preaching, all doing both, we moved little by little towards the other end, our moving congregation constantly growing, until at 9.30, nearly 1,000 strong, we had reached the dance. It went out of business, or more properly consolidated with the evangelistic meeting, and as such continued till 11 o'clock. A great time that, three thousand natives heard the message of life, and hundreds learned to sing, 'I do believe, I now believe, that Jesus died for me.' This was the home of Dowenal (one of my young men), he having been away three years. All were glad to see him, and his Christian testimony counted for much."

The official date for celebrating the India Jubilee in Bareilly is Dec. 29. If your League has not arranged to recognize this event, you can at least remember the occasion and all its interests in prayer in your Morning Watch that day.

Once more let me call your attention to the young man or young woman who is leaving your community. Many are lost in the city because they are strangers. If you would notify some pastor and League that such an one has moved to their locality, many might be saved. This will be as

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good missionary work as you can do for the city churches.

For Leagues who need them a number of lecturers or speakers can be furnished by the First General District Cabinet, and this with no expense except that which is necessary for traveling and entertainment.

Rev. Frank J. McConnell, D.D., will be the speaker for the Boston Circuit at the next quarterly meeting, time and place not yet determined.

official board would give attention to the Epworth League, especially where its workers are really young people, there would be less occasion to find fault with the League, and more helpful service would be rendered by the young people for the church in all its interests. This institution needs the fostering care, guiding counsel, and interested love of the leading men. Without these, it often goes wrong or does not go at all; with these, the League in most churches could become earnest, strong, and effective. Nowhere is the painful dearth of lay leadership more evident just now than in the work of the young people.



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OUR BOOK TABLE

Low Wallace. An Autobiography. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers: New York. Two Vols. Price, \$3.

This distinguished man, who went from us, Feb. 15, 1905, laid the world under an additional obligation, before his departure, by writing in most delightful fashion the story of his life. He begins it by saying: "I believe absolutely in the Christian conception of God;" and goes on to declare an equal belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. "His divinity was the Spirit within Him," he says, "and the Spirit was God." Having thus protected himself from misconception concerning his creed, he goes on to tell of his ancestry, briefly, then of his birth, in Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827, and so steadily works down through his early days as a lawyer, his varied experiences in the Mexican War (ten chapters), and then, after a short interval, his still more important achievements in the Civil War. Fully half the first volume and three-fifths of the second are occupied with details, political and military (mostly the latter), of this great strife. It is exceedingly graphic and intensely interesting writing. We doubt if any battle has ever been better described than the battle of the "Monocacy," in July, 1864, where General Wallace had command, and where he saved Washington from falling into the hands of the rebels by delaying the march of Jubal Early. Before the wonderful portrayal of this fight was quite concluded the pen dropped forever from the hand of him who could wield so well both it and the sword, and the remainder of the life (from July, 1864, to February, 1905) is given—much more briefly and without the touch of genius—by Mrs. Mary H. Krout, under the guidance of the General's widow. The many admirers of "Ben Hur" and the "Prince of India" will be glad to get hold of these handsome volumes and will find in them a feast. This book says that the sales of "Ben Hur" continue to be as great as ever, and repeats his striking testimony as to his experience in composing it: "Long before I was through with my book I became a believer in God and Christ."

The Roosevelt Bears: Their Travels and Adventures. By Seymour Eaton. Illustrated by V. Floyd Campbell. Edward Stern & Co.: Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

A handsome gift-book, narrating in rhyme the travels and adventures—on a Pullman, on a farm, at a district school, at the county fair, at Chicago, Niagara, Boston, Plymouth Rock, New York, Harvard, up in a balloon, etc.—of two very

comical bears, Teddy B. and Teddy G., who leave their mountain home in Colorado and make a tour of the East. There is plenty of jolly jingle and captivating incident. The pictures are extremely taking, and are found on every page. It has been called the "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Robinson Crusoe" of the year 1907. It will, at least, greatly delight the children and be examined with much pleasure by adults.

The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Valley. By James Otis. Dana Estes & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

The history of the troublous times of the Revolution in a part of the country especially harassed and harried by war is told in an entertaining way that will particularly commend it to boys, for whom it is chiefly written.

Very attractive is the package of books, booklets, calendars, etc., from E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. The calendars are of various sizes and shapes, representing the best art work of Ernest Nister, of London (whose printing is done in Bavaria), and appeal to every taste. It is almost invidious to enumerate those which are especially striking—they are all so choice—but "The Little Hollanders" (\$1.25), "Thoughts from Master Minds" (\$1.50), and "The Simple Life" (\$1.25), will prove great favorites, though many will be attracted to the cheaper but not less artistic smaller ones—"The Silver Lining" and "Little Dutch Folk" (printed in blue), each offered at 50 cents. The "Tally Ho" (12 cards, 75 cents) will suit some tastes, attracting by its brightness and vivacity. Those who like the old-fashioned "leaf for every day in the year," will be delighted with the Henry Drummond calendar. Among the illuminated cards, daintily enveloped for sending, "Commonplace," "Love," "Happiness," and "Force of Example," are gems. An exquisite calendar, in book form, profusely illuminated and illustrated, is the Longfellow.

Choice little booklets for holiday gifts are: "Charity," "Courage," "Bible Gems," and "Longfellow Gems," each 25 cents; "Daisy Dear" (by Mary D. Brine), "Songs of Faith and Hope," "The Wise Book" (for children especially), "Christmas Songs and Carols," "Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare," "Sweet Story of Old," "Grandmother and Christmas Eve" (by Mary D. Brine), "Christmastide in Prose and Poetry," "Old Ballads," "A Little Book of Courtesy," are richly illuminated, and inexpensive. To the young folks the "Children's Heroes Series" will strongly appeal—"Story of Lincoln," "Story of Chinese Gordon," "Story of Joan of Arc," "Story of Bishop Patterson," "Story of David Livingstone," and others. The older folks will not be sorry if they receive as a holiday remembrance Washington Irving's "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall," for the volume is worthily printed and embellished, and richly bound.

Magazines

—In McClure's Lincoln Steffens continues his marvelously interesting account of Ben B. Lindsey, the just judge of the Denver Juvenile Court. The story of Montana's corruption and Carl Schurz's "Reminiscences" are also continued. Announcement is made that in January will be begun a thorough history of Christian Science and its founder, for which long study has been made by Miss Georgine Milmine. (S. S. McClure Company: New York.)

—In Everybody's Charles Edward Russell discusses New Zealand, and Thomas W. Lawson begins his financial story, "Friday, the 13th." Robert E. Park tells "The Terrible Story of the Congo"—the stupendous crime of Leopold the Assassin, who has in twenty years, with most appalling barbarity, sacrificed to his conscienceless greed fifteen million lives. "Where the

Toys Come From," by Vance Thompson—mainly Nuremberg and Paris—will interest both parents and children. (Ridgway Co.: Union Square, New York.)

—Pearson's touches the same timely theme in an article by Agnes R. Burr, entitled, "The Land of Santa Claus," which seems to consist mainly of the two German towns—Nuremberg and Sonneberg. James Creelman supplies two articles, one about "Fighting Bob Evans," and the other called "The Kaiser's Challenge." Maud Ballington Booth writes touchingly of "Prison-Shadowed Homes;" and Andrew Dangerfield tells about Mrs. Bella Cooke, "The Saint of Second Avenue." (Pearson Publishing Co.: New York.)

—Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading the *Youth's Companion*. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate of Christmas gifts—one of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the *Companion* may be to a casual reader on the train, at the office, in the club, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it soon the place of a familiar friend in the house. Like a good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation's health and true prosperity.

—In Harper's Bazar Mr. Henry James continues his attack on the "Speech of American Women." The editor sums up the criticisms of Mr. James and Mr. Howells by saying that they charge American women as doing, when they speak, these things: twanging, whiffing, snuffing, whining, whinnying, mumbling, vocally limping and shuffling, speaking through the nose, grunting, slobbering. Room for improvement here, surely! (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

—The Garden Magazine tells "All about Holly," "Christmas Berried Plants," "Disease-proof Climates," and a variety of other seasonable and suitable matters. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

—The Methodist Review opens with an admirable, well-balanced, carefully studied discussion of "The Small College," by Prof. Edwin Post, who has for a quarter of a century adorned and strengthened the faculty of De Pauw University. Dr. George H. Dwyer argues well that there is an imperative demand in education for more attention to the Christian religion. Prof. George H. Trever, of Atlanta, lays down some "Principles of Scientific Biblical Criticism," with a strong leaning to the conservative side of the subject. James Whitcomb Riley is praised as a "A Prophet of Good Cheer" by Rev. Fred Winslow Adams. Other topics are: "Kentucky as the Feudal State, or State of Feuds," "Tolstoi and the Present Theological Situation Regarding the Atonement." The editor contributes his fine Fraternal Address to the Canadian Methodist General Conference. A strong and valuable number, as usual. (Eaton & Mains: New York.)

—Lippincott's complete novel this month is "Queen Mary of Memory Lane," by Caroline Wood Morrison. Beside the short stories, there is given the last of three papers by Wolf von Schierbrand, dealing intimately with the German Emperor; the subject is, "The Kaiser's Family at Christmas Time." (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.)

—The American Magazine spreads a remarkable feast for its readers, opening with Miss Tarbell's first paper on "The Tariff in Our Times," continuing with "Mr. Dooley on the Christmas Spirit," then "Mile-a-Minute Madness"—a description of the motor race for the Vanderbilt Cup. There are several unusually good short stories. (Phillips Publishing Company: New York.)

—In the World's Work the editor, Walter H. Page, gives a very interesting account of Charles Duncan McIvor, late president of the State Normal College for Women in North Carolina, which he founded. His work on educational lines has transformed that State. Other good articles there are in plenty—"The Romance of Tunnel Building," "Experiences in Balloons," "The Conquest of the Air," "Civil War in Russia," "State Ownership of Railroads," "What a Man Gets in Rest." (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

—The American Monthly Review of Reviews takes up the "New National Forest Reserves," the "New President of Brazil," "How the Kaiser Works," "Mural Paintings in America," "President Roosevelt and Corporate Wealth." (Review of Reviews Co.: New York.)

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Dr. Parkhurst, in a genial introduction, says this book will meet the deeper and intuitive cravings of the earnest soul, because it is so strikingly Christocentric. This volume, also, will enter especially upon a wide and tender ministry of consolation. The "shut-in" will find in its pages comfort, and the companionship into which we are ushered in this volume is notable, attractive and inspiring.

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The House that Jack Built

By Wesley Johnston

A taking title, whose bright promise the book does not disappoint. For Jack Hursley builds on the right foundation a character constructed to endure the storms of life. The boys of our Sunday Schools will rub up against this bright, manly fellow with profit, for he fights a good fight and conquers.—*Zion's Herald*.

12mo. Cloth. 75 cents, net. By mail, 84 cents.

Asters and Golden Rod

By George Lansing Taylor, D.D.

In this beautiful volume we find many of the poems which won for Dr. Taylor a wide reputation as a writer of verse that will bear the test of careful criticism. He had the true poetic love of nature, and was at the same time a stout champion of the oppressed and defender of the faith.—*Pacific Advocate*.

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Gold and Incense

By Mark Guy Pearse

Gold and Incense is a delightful story of a poor woman's struggles against adverse circumstances, but in the midst of all she maintained her faith in God and a cheery heart. She teaches us when to laugh—and that, after all, is a profound philosophy—and how to see the good in our commonplace and difficult tasks.—*Christian Companion*.

16mo. Daintily illustrated. Cloth. 25 cents, net. By mail, 28 cents.

Rests by the River

By George Matheson, D.D.

Full of helpful suggestiveness, and rich in that poetic imagery which one has long been accustomed to find in the writings of Dr. Matheson. He has written many books, but it is doubtful if he has sent out one which will be more appreciated than that into which, to suit the requirements of the age, he has endeavored "to put intensity in place of extension."—*Scotsman*.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Gilt Top. \$1.25, net. By mail, \$1.35.

The Wingtown Parson's Linen Duster

By Isabella Pierpont Hopkins

A mining camp and a brave Methodist minister and his braver wife; pathos and privation, and a shrewd lesson for "boards that can talk," in far-away cities, and, "as easy as talking," vote that there is no money to buy overcoats for their hardworking servants on the bitter-cold mountains of the West. Perhaps, though, it is the fault of the Christians behind them, that the frontier parson wears a linen duster through the winter, and dies for lack of a warm coat.—*Christian Work*.

12mo. Cloth. 30 cents, net. By mail, 33 cents.

Incense

By Levi Gilbert

This little volume of verse is of unusual merit. Dr. Gilbert's poems, which are nearly all short, touch on a wide variety of subjects, the home life, the christian life, patriotic themes, conference and class re-unions, etc. They show careful, faithful work, a happy optimistic spirit on the part of the writer, faith in men, and in an All-Father, the director of all life and thought.—*Cobourg World*.

16mo. Cloth. Gilt Top. 75 cents, net. By mail, 79 cents.

Dorothy

By S. Elizabeth Sisson

This is a story by the author of Richard Newcomb, which has had a very large sale, exhausting several editions. This surpasses all her former productions. The plot is unsurpassed by any present-day fiction and is beautifully wrought out in all the finer details. It carries the reader back to the dark days of the sixties to find the heroine of the tale. From sad beginnings, it brightens page by page as the story unfolds.

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Of the making of devotional books to use every day in the year, there is no end; and yet it seems to the compiler of this that there is room for it in the world. Most of them are full of battle-cries, "To the work! to the work!" and "Go labor on!" which has a discouraging sound to those who have been providentially held from the joy of active service. The keynote of this is found in Milton's sonnet "On His Blindness": "They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Preface*.

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By the Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D.

This is a choice book. The author and editor has chosen a happy medium between form and emotion. His extracts afford great variety and adaptation to all times and seasons; they have been gathered from a wide range of readings and Christian experience, and include poetic forms of expression as well as sacred prose.—*New York Observer*.

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A Boy and the Christ

By the Rev. Frank C. Haddock

The boy is a typical child of the New England seacoast, and the author has sketched with rare sympathy the influences of Nature, Home, School and Church which impress the plastic soul. The scenes shift, and the boy becomes a man among men, loses his vision of Christ and settles down upon a hard and cold theory of life—to be brought at last by a remarkable agency into a new and complete realization of faith and love in Christ as a Saviour. The book is interesting and richly spiritual.

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Both are charming stories, and must prove very profitable reading to those who catch their true significance. The Lapidaries is spiritual in tone and attractive in style. Aunt Deborah Hears the Messiah, is quaint, pleasing and profitable. Her description of the oratorio of "The Messiah," is unique but very appreciative, and while the language used is peculiarly her own, it gives a view point seldom used by others.—*Philadelphia Methodist*.

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Reopening at Holyoke Highlands

Twenty-five years ago the Highlands Methodist Episcopal Church was built, and has been in use a quarter century. Few repairs have been made during this time, and a year ago found the church very much out of repair. After conference and prayer, the officials decided to make an extensive renovation of the church and parsonage. This has been done at an expense of about \$4,000. The steam-heating apparatus which is to be placed in the parsonage in the near future (sufficient money to cover this additional expense having been raised) will make the total expense, in round figures, \$4,500. Without entering into minute details of the excellent work done, we simply say that the church has been changed throughout. Beginning with the roof, which has been reshingled, and going to the cellar and boiler room, we find everything practically renewed, making of this well-proportioned edifice a perfect gem of a church.

The money for this important enterprise has been raised by the untiring and phenomenal labors and patience of the pastor, Rev. F. M. Estes. At times the clouds hung so low that even this optimistic pastor almost wavered. It is a question whether the money could have been raised had it not been for the encouragement and inspiration of his devoted wife, who always was full of the brightest hope when the weary pastor became almost completely discouraged. It is the old story over again. Many a church enterprise has been made a success simply and solely because the faithful mistress of the manse, too often given no credit for her work, has saved the day when all seemed to be lost.

On Sunday, Nov. 25, the festivities of reopening began. The morning service was attended by a congregation which filled the auditorium to overflowing, so that two side rooms were opened for the people who came to church with hearts full of deepest gratitude for the great victory which had come to their church. Rev. C. E. Davis, of Westfield, was honored by being invited to be the preacher for the morning. The close attention of the large audience inspired him, and he had a good time preaching on the New Testament doctrine of "Non-resistance." At this service the pastor called upon the people to make a thank-offering for the kind providence which had favored them all in this important enterprise. The boxes were not passed, but the people, rising from their seats, came forward, and in good Old Testament fashion placed their gifts on God's altar. This

part of pastor and teacher, come to the altar to be received on probation.

At the evening service Presiding Elder Richardson preached a sermon of rare beauty and power on the "Needs of the Methodist Episcopal Church; or, the Church for Our Time." His interesting sermon clustered about the following: 1. The twentieth-century church must have a star preacher, not one who goes starring from Conference to Conference, but one who



REV. F. M. ESTES

goes to his charge and there brings something to pass. This point was well received by the people, who knew so well how their pastor had accomplished the almost impossible. 2. The twentieth century church must be a candlestick church, not necessarily a golden candlestick, but however plain and unornamented, it must be a light producer and dispenser. 3. The twentieth-century church must have the presence of the Lord walking among the candlesticks. The crowded house listened attentively as the preacher developed these three points.

On Monday night the well-arranged banquet was carried out to the very letter of the program. The ladies added to their well-known reputation in providing the bountiful repast. Mr. B. M. Copeland, treasurer of the trustees, gave a succinct financial statement of the work now completed, and introduced the pastor to make

crowned queen of the Connecticut Valley." He also made reference to Mr. Joseph Metcalf, who came to the rescue of the enterprise when failure seemed inevitable, and gave his check for \$604, completing the amount required. Mr. Joseph Whiting, the third largest giver, was given credit for his assistance, and Mr. Joseph Skinner, who gave \$250, and persuaded his brother, William O. Skinner, to send a check for \$100. The smallest gift, the renickeling of the pew numbers gratis, was appropriately mentioned. The addresses of Rev. J. P. Kennedy, D. D., who brought greetings from the mother church, Rev. J. N. Hungate, representing the churches of the city, Judge John Hildreth, and Mayor N. P. Avery were all excellent. Were space allowed, we should like to give report of them all, especially that of the mayor, who made a very strong and instructive address on "The Church and the City." Mayor Avery is one of the great after-dinner speakers of the Connecticut Valley. When the banquet was supposed to be closed, Mr. B. M. Copeland called for order, and to the overwhelming surprise of the pastor presented him with an elegant gold watch.

We now have a church at the Highlands which is a joy to the people, a great blessing to the city of Holyoke, and a credit to Methodism. During this financial enterprise the spiritual work has not suffered. The pastor has made 460 regular calls (calls made for raising money are not included), the congregations have been good, and 40 have joined the church.

C. E. DAVIS.

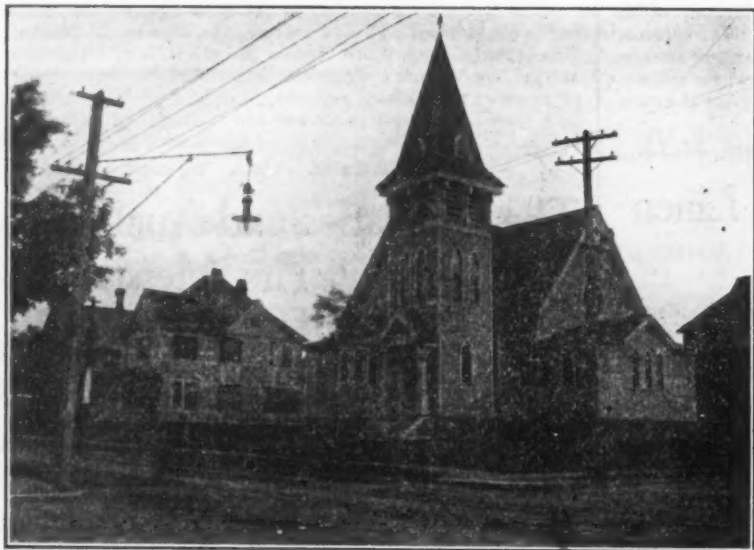
Lameness in the muscles and joints indicates rheumatism. Don't dally with it a minute. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure it.

Annex to Immigrant Home

The number of immigrants at the port of Boston has increased very steadily since 1900, and, in consequence, the demand for admission to the Immigrant Home, 72 Marginal St., East Boston, has been great. As our missionaries meet immigrants coming on the White Star and Allan Lines in Charlestown, and as often those arrivals are so late that the passengers must spend the night on the steamer, an annex to the Immigrant Home was opened, Oct. 4, at 23 Wapping St., Charlestown, to receive the young women coming alone. The house is clean and comfortable, and has just enough furniture to meet the demand; but of sheets and blankets for single beds, pillowcases and towels, there is a very scant supply, and gifts of such articles are earnestly requested. As the small amounts paid by the guests barely cover the cost of the food, and as many are too poor to pay at all, the rent, water-rates, lights and heat must be met by contributions from the friends of the work.

Anybody wishing to give money, may send it to the treasurer, Mrs. F. M. Stodder, 10 Tower St., Somerville, and supplies may be sent to Mrs. Amanda C. Clark, 23 Wapping St., Charlestown.

MARY W. PERRY,
Chairman Immigrant Home Committee.



HOLYOKE HIGHLANDS CHURCH

offering amounted to \$131.43, to which \$12 were added at the evening service.

At the Sunday-school session Decision Day was observed, when all hearts were made glad to see ten young people, without urging on the

special reference to certain large givers who made the work possible. Mr. Estes gave one of his graceful speeches, in which he described the largest giver, Mrs. Eliza Smith, who gave \$700, as "simple in life, beautiful in spirit, the un-

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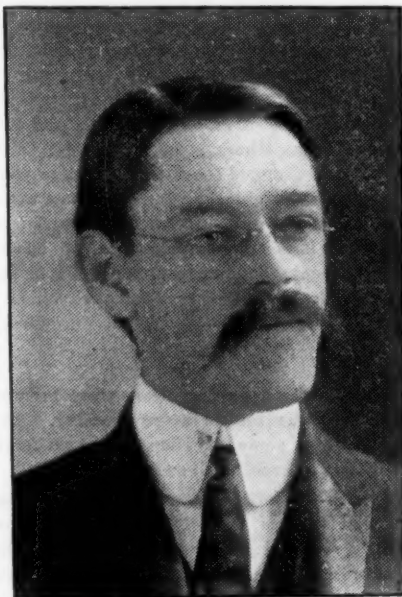
Jubilee at Thames St., Newport, Rhode Island

Fifty years ago last April, twenty-seven members of the Marlboro St. Methodist Episcopal Church of Newport, R. I., took their certificates of membership, and went into the south part of the city to be organized into a church later known as the Thames St. Methodist Episcopal Church. Preaching and class-meetings had been sustained for some time prior to the organization of the new society, under the direction of Rev. O. N. Brooks, who for the Conference year of 1855-'56 was assistant pastor to Rev. Frederick Upham, pastor of Marlboro St. Mr. Brooks became the first pastor of Thames St. He has had twenty-three successors, one of whom, Rev. E. A. Lyon, had two pastorates.

The date of the fiftieth anniversary fell on April 20 of this year, which was close upon the adjournment of the Annual Conference, held in Newport, and the official board set Thanksgiving week as the most suitable season for the jubilee celebration, and appointed as committee to take it in charge—the pastor, Rev. E. W. Burch, Mr. Henry A. Titus, and Mr. Charles Goddard. The plan as arranged was carried out, with the exception that Dr. A. J. Coultas, who was to have preached on Sunday morning, Nov. 25, was prevented by sickness, and Prof. Marcus D. Buell preached in his stead. The service was largely attended, and Dr. Buell preached a characteristically helpful sermon from Rom. 12: 1, 2. The Sunday-school celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on Sunday evening, and Dr. Buell preached to the school from 1 Cor. 13: 11: "When I was a child." These sermons will long be remembered.

Monday evening the local chapter of the Epworth League celebrated its anniversary, and the secretary and editor of the First District, Rev. George F. Durgin, delivered an inspiring address. The officers of the League connected with Thames St. Church assumed charge of the various parts of the service. Tuesday evening was devoted to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and Miss Clara Cushman delighted the congregation with an address on the work in China, drawing the contrast between the Old China and the New. Mrs. E. W. Burch presided at this service, and other officers of the auxiliary, Mrs. Charles Goddard and Mrs. Isaac J. Barker, assisted in conducting the exercises. Wednesday evening was given to the regular Thanksgiving service for the church, and the pastor preached from 2 Cor. 9: 11: "Some Phases of Thanksgiving." On Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, the celebration was transferred from the church to the family altar and fireside, and the concluding event took place on Friday evening, Nov. 30. The Onward Society spread a banquet for two hundred persons in the chapel, and fully that number assembled to take part in this social occasion. Dr. Coultas was to preside as toastmaster, but was still unable to leave his home, and the pastor, Rev. E. W. Burch, presided at the guest table. The parent church was represented by the pastor, Rev. Charles A. Stenhouse, and his family, as well as a number from the official board of that church. Of the former pastors, Rev. E. F. Jones, Rev. W. I. Ward, Rev. C. Harley Smith, and Rev. F. L.

Streeter, were present, and spoke in very happy vein concerning the past and the possible future of Thames St. Church. In presenting the greetings of the parent church, Rev. Charles A. Stenhouse called attention to the fact that the past fifty years have meant much for Methodism at large as well as for local Methodism. The rapid



REV. ERNEST W. BURCH

and gratifying increase of our denomination was contrasted with the very slight change that has been necessary in our fundamental Constitution, so thoroughly did our fathers build our foundations.

A remarkable thing about this celebration was that, aside from the regular offerings at the Sunday services, no collections were taken during the week. The official board of Thames St. Church assumed all financial obligations for the celebration, and the Onward Society, under the direction of Mrs. Harry C. Kaull, arranged the banquet of Friday evening. The church is



THAMES ST. CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.

looking into the future very hopefully, not being encumbered with debt at all, and having all benevolences for the current year already provided for.

KARL.

A Unique Thanksgiving Supper

Under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of First Church, Chelsea, a most interesting supper was given on Thanksgiving evening in the chapel. About two months ago, the pastor of this church, Rev. Philip L. Frick, being convinced that more ought to be done by our churches to reach and help the foreigners by whom they are surrounded, became especially interested in the Armenian young men, of whom there about three hundred in the city, most of them working in the neigh-



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boring shoe factories. Many visits were made at Armenian homes and boarding places, and printed announcements were circulated, inviting the young men to a weekly class for the study of English, and also to a regular Bible class in connection with the Sunday-school. The success of the endeavor has been quite surprising. Already the enrollment in both classes has risen to more than thirty, and many of the young men have become regular attendants upon the services on Sunday, and also upon the prayer-meetings. Their attendance and interest have already awakened no small spiritual quickening in the church.

In order to show the men the sincerity of our welcome to them, the ladies of the Home Missionary Society gladly decided to extend their hospitality to them for Thanksgiving evening, and to invite them to be their guests at a supper given specially in their honor. The evening was one which the ladies will never forget. Seventy-seven young men accepted the invitation, and seemed greatly to enjoy the bountiful supper prepared for them. The pastor then made a few remarks, welcoming them to all the spiritual hospitality of the church, and urging them to strive for the highest Christian Americanism. A cordial and well-worded response was made by one of the men, who, years before, in Armenia, had been schoolmaster to some of the very fellows who were now companions by his side. Mr. F. W. Tucker and Mrs. F. Slade, the gifted singers of this church, then sang several songs; and to the surprise of all, the young men volunteered to sing, not only their national airs, but also some of their characteristic Oriental songs. The pastor writes: "What a delight for us to hear this weird, plaintive, stirring, beautiful music, the spirit of which we caught, even though the words could not be understood." One thing the ladies certainly succeeded in doing. They nobly expressed the spirit of cordiality toward these most excellent, ambitious young men, who, because of the bitter persecutions and never-ceasing tyranny in the homeland, are now our fellow citizens in Christian America.

If any Christian business man would like to assist any of these young Armenians by giving him a position in shop or factory or store, Mr. Frick will gladly correspond with such a person in regard to the matter.

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THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Groton.—The new Methodist Hymnal has been put into the choir and congregation, and is naturally proving a help in the services. The Ladies' Aid Society made over \$100 from a supper and sale the week before Thanksgiving. Rev. A. J. Hough spoke at the annual meeting of the Nehemiah Guild of Trinity Church, Montpelier, and of course was warmly greeted by large numbers of old parishioners and friends.

West Burke.—Mrs. J. E. Sweet, wife of the pastor, has been in our Deaconess Hospital in Boston, where she had a successful operation, Nov. 13. Mr. Sweet was in Boston two weeks.

Plainfield.—A new Murkland furnace, costing \$120, has been put in the basement of the church, and works very satisfactorily. The cost has been nearly provided, and will be met in full by Jan. 1. The parsonage was shingled in August. The Junior League sent vegetables to the Deaconess Home in Boston, and is preparing comforters for the Hospital.

Williamstown.—The writer was here for quarterly conference and Sunday morning service just before Thanksgiving. Sunday afternoon he took for the first time the interesting drive of seven miles down through "Williamstown Gulf" to East Brookfield. At this point, where our pastor holds service once a month, the Union Church has been repaired and improved, and is now certainly a very pretty and comfortable place of worship. There was a good congregation, and the speaker of the hour found, quite unexpectedly, some old friends.

Barre.—The work of the Sunday above noted was closed with attendance at a lively League temperance meeting, and a sermon, at Hedding Church. The League has set aside \$50 for improvements on its room at the church, and \$25 for the Sunday-school library.

Hardwick.—Our Sunday-school superintendent, Hon. Wm. H. Taylor, senator from Caledo-



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nia County, has been elevated to the bench of the Superior Court of the State, from among a large list of candidates. Congratulations to Judge Taylor! A present of a "fine fifteen-pound turkey" just before Thanksgiving helped promote a feeling of thankfulness on the part of Rev. S. G. Lewis and family. Special meetings are soon to begin.

Trustees.—Attention is called to a change in the statutes, which now permit and require us to elect trustees of church property according to the Discipline. For many years there was a State law which committed all the powers of trustees to the stewards, and prevented the employment of any others in that capacity. This has now been changed so as to harmonize with the law of the church. The stewards, to a number not exceeding nine, may still be elected as trustees, but it is not compulsory; and others may be chosen when desired, for a part or the whole number.

F. W. L.

Montpelier District

Barnard.—Good congregations were present at both services on a recent Sunday. The charge contains some excellent Christian families, but they are scattered over the hills.

Personal.—A letter from Rev. F. M. Miller states that he has moved again and is now pleasantly situated at Artesia, Cal., where he has a church of 65 members, a new parsonage, and on line of electric road eighteen miles from Los Angeles. He is happy in his work.

Seminary.—How about that collection for the Seminary? Many have done well. Some are not heard from. How is it with you?

W. M. N.

St. Albans District

Grand Isle and South Hero.—To this double charge Rev. J. W. Illsley was appointed last spring, but recently he heard what seemed to him a louder call, from Nebraska, and ere this shall appear in print will be traveling Westward. This charge has been unfortunate in being broken up twice within two years in the midyear through the pastor's removal to the West. They are not desirous for an immediate supply, but propose waiting till the right man shall come along, who must be one who will labor among this willing and generous people contentedly.

Essex Junction and Essex.—This charge is being temporarily supplied, and possibly it may prove to be a permanent arrangement, by Rev. A. C. Brown, of Maine.

Waitsfield.—Here Rev. F. H. Roberts is still laboring to the satisfaction of the church and the entire community, we should judge from some words that came to our ears. It is a matter of regret that Mrs. Roberts is in such poor health. Her many friends in the charge hope for a speedy recovery. This is the first church to meet the elder's claim for the year. Connected with Waitsfield is North Fayston, a school-house appointment to which the pastor goes Sunday afternoons. It is a hard drive to the place, and but few people to minister unto, but certainly the influence of Gospel preaching is needed in such mountain regions.

Moretown.—Here is an attractive little village on the banks of Mad River, with only the one Protestant Church to minister to the people in spiritual things. Rev. W. N. Roberts is the pastor, and is endeavoring to keep the interests of Zion alive.

Notes.—On Wednesday, Dec. 5, the new church at Rice Hill, in the town of Sheldon, was dedicated, Rev. S. Donaldson, pastor. A full report will be given later.

Early in January the new church at Underhill, it is expected, will be ready for dedication.

In the midst of many things pressing upon the pastors, it is hoped they will not forget the interests of ZION'S HERALD, and the first half of the apportionment for General Conference expenses.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Whitefield.—Evangelist W. J. Cozens, assisted by Miss Josephine Wing as soloist, held a two weeks' revival campaign in Whitefield just before Thanksgiving. Weather and other conditions considered, the attendance was good throughout. The churches were quickened, backsliders were restored, and a goodly number of conversions were reported. About forty signed cards signifying their intention to lead a Christian life. The services were held under the auspices of the Free Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Churches, each society gathering in about an equal number of the converts. Evangelist Cozens is spoken of by our minister in Whitefield as being a strong, earnest, sane and safe evangelist, one who altogether avoids the sensational, the clap-trap, and all such ruses to gain converts. He does thorough work. At the last election an effort was made by the license-people to swing Whitefield back again to license, but a few others set to work and by earnest personal work almost trebled their former no-license majority. Methodism in Whitefield is very much alive if material matters are to be called into evidence. Since Conference there has been over \$100 spent on painting and improvements on the parsonage, and electric lights have been installed in the church auditorium. Rev. W. J. Atkinson is pastor here, and in every way is doing a most excellent work, which is receiving the highest commendation.

Concord, First Church.—Rev. Wm. Ramsden has just inaugurated a normal class in connection with his Sunday-school. Like all pastors who are alive to the demands of the work, he had felt the need of teachers for the Sunday-school who were well instructed and prepared for their great task. The class starts with a membership of about twenty. The work of the Woman's Missionary Society is being pushed aggressively with good results. The third quarterly conference showed all bills paid to the beginning of the month.

Plymouth.—The reports presented at the

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third quarterly conference revealed an excellent condition in all departments. The Sunday-school under the direction of Mr. O. W. Potter is doing exceptionally well and is increasing in its attendance. The newly reorganized Epworth League is holding devotional services that are taxing the capacity of the League room. The Juniors have taken on new life, increasing in numbers and in quality of the work done. The young men of the church recently entertained at supper some two hundred guests, much to the delight of all. This church counts as its own some of the most promising and influential young men in the community. The services are all well attended.

Ashland. — This church recently reached its tenth milestone. The occasion was taken note of at the time of the presiding elder's visit. It was particularly appropriate that this should be so, as the church was organized by him when at the head of this district under a previous appointment. Although not large, this society has done an important work for the kingdom. At its altars many have found the Lord, some of them already passed into glory, while others are here working for the advancement of the kingdom. As an afternoon appointment linked with Plymouth this church is doing a good work.

Personal. — Many will be interested in the following item which appeared in the *California Christian Advocate* relative to Rev. George A. Henry, who went from among us at the last session of Conference: "Rev. George A. Henry, recently appointed pastor of College Avenue, Berkeley, has arrived on the field and is much encouraged with the outlook. College Avenue, Berkeley, is a fine opportunity."

E. C. E. D.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Providence District

Providence, Broadway. — After nearly fifty-seven years' existence this church has voted to sell its property and to disband. The official action was taken at the third quarterly conference, held Dec. 4, the presiding elder, Rev. Dr. Coultas, presiding. A committee previously appointed had conferred with a similar committee of the First United Presbyterian Church, and as a result of that conference it was found, that the latter church would purchase the property. The committee made a detailed report to the quarterly conference, not only of the conference, but also of the situation; and, as it states the official reasons for the sale, as well as the reasons for disbandment, the report is herewith given:

"Fifty-seven years ago next April the present Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church had its inception in a Sunday-school organized by members of the Chestnut St. Methodist Episcopal Church. The early history of the church was very steady, and in 1882 its membership reached as high as 372, and that of the Sunday-school numbered 527. There was improvement in location of church property, an increase in the value, and, though some of the members went in 1857 to strengthen the mission which has since become Trinity Union Church, and about 65 letters were given to the Harris Avenue (now Tabernacle) Church, organized in 1882, still constant revivals increased the membership.

"Of late years, however, disturbing and alarming symptoms have appeared in our church history. Modern conditions and local changes have carried our constituency away from us. A large part of our natural territory has been occupied by Italian immigrants, and the territory so occupied is being constantly and rapidly enlarged.

"It is well known to those who have had the financial care of the church that the condition has been desperate for a decade or more. The spiritual interests have been hampered by the constant attention demanded by the ever-present financial question. A debt of about \$5,000, which has been running for twenty years, and which now demands special attention, is a very important addition to the burden of our current expenses. If this were a temporary condition, it might possibly be still longer endured; but we are convinced that the situation is likely to become more acute rather than less.

"During the present pastorate of 1½ years, 20 letters have been given, 8 have been received. Of 184 members of the church, only 72 are nearer to Broadway than to some other Methodist Episcopal Church. The question of relocating and rebuilding elsewhere is not a practical one,

as the localities to be considered are already occupied by Methodist Episcopal Churches.

"At this time there is an opportunity to dispose of our property to the United Presbyterian Church below us. This solution of the problem, seeing we are unable to continue under present conditions, has a number of advantages.

"1. It prevents the church property from being used for any secular purpose, and insures the open doors of a church with an English-speaking constituency. Such a disposal of the property by us would no doubt be appreciated by the residents who are near.

"2. After debts are paid, it leaves a sum of money to help the Italian mission which was established by our church, at present at a crisis on account of the need of a building in which to worship.

"3. It enables us to continue our identity in the Broadway Italian Church in a locality more favorable for that work. Our daughter succeeds us. The family line is not extinct.

"4. The matter of housing our present church and congregation ought not to be a very serious one. There are other Methodist Episcopal churches near. Indeed, some have felt, independent of our pressing problem, that it would be better to concentrate our membership, in this day of concentration, into fewer churches. With the present membership of the Broadway Church to strengthen our other churches we might feel that we were so much stronger to carry on the local benevolent work demanded of the churches by the times in which we live and also the great missionary and other Christian works of our denomination.

"Hence we recommend that this church be sold to the First United Presbyterian Church."

In accord with this action the quarterly conference sent out a circular letter to the attendants and members of the church, informing them of the negotiations, and also that the last public service would be held Dec. 30. On Dec. 9, by authority of the quarterly conference, Rev. Elliott F. Studley, the pastor, made a public explanation of the whole matter before a "large audience despite the snowy weather." The statement made by the pastor was substantially

the same as that of the committee. He congratulated the church on the strong Italian mission which they had fostered and encouraged, and which now would take their place in this section. He also referred to his predecessors and their noble work, "but no man can withstand the trend of events, and the field has gone from us," he said. The church treasurer, E. A. Cleveland, made a detailed statement showing that the financial condition during the past few years led inevitably to the step which the quarterly conference had taken. Announcement was made that the pastor would give church letters until the Annual Conference, and after that the presiding elder would be custodian of the records and give letters.

In the choice of a new church home the members are assured of a cordial welcome in any of the Methodist Episcopal churches in the city, and they were urged to take their letters before April 1.

Mr. Studley will continue services regularly until Jan. 1. He will continue as pastor until Conference, and then, according to a local reporter, "will go to Boston with the other Rhode Island Methodist Episcopal clergymen to receive his appointment from the Conference."

Newport, First. — Mrs. Caroline Tuell Topham, wife of Judge James G. Topham, died at her home on Wesley Street, Newport, R. I., Nov. 13, after a long illness, at the advanced age of 79 years. She was from her early girlhood a member of the First Church, and had the respect of all who knew her. Judge and Mrs. Topham were married, April 29, 1846, sixty years ago last spring.

Woonsocket. — Rev. Francis H. Spear, the pastor, is pushing the work of securing pledges for the new building fund. Rally Sunday was a day



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of great enthusiasm. Rev. John Krantz, D. D., of New York, preached and presented the matter in the morning, and Rev. Dr. Coultas, presiding elder, preached in the evening, while Dr. Krantz continued the appeal to the congregation. The result of all the offerings that day added \$3,600 to the fund of \$9,000 already subscribed. The estimated cost of the new edifice is \$20,000. The plan of the new building as published contemplates a business front on the site of the present edifice, but on the street line. This will give more space, and enables the architect to include a modern plant in his designs. The indefatigable pastor is now seeking help outside his parish lines, having thoroughly canvassed his resources within them.

Arnold's Mills.—Rev. J. G. Gammons, Ph. D., pastor, in the early fall sat for his picture with three other members of the Gammons family when at the reunion in Middleboro. Four generations of the family were represented in the picture. KARL.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Dorchester, Highlands Church.—Dr. George Alcott Phinney, the popular pastor of this church, was surprised by a party of his official board and their wives at the parsonage, Saturday evening, Dec. 8, it being his 50th birthday. During the evening, Phineas Elton, treasurer of the church, on behalf of the official board, presented Dr. Phinney with a handsome solid gold watch, bearing his monogram, and inside the case the following inscription: "Presented to George Alcott Phinney, D. D., Dec. 8, 1906, as a token of love, from the official board, Highlands M. E. Church, Boston." The wives of the members, through Mrs. H. A. Sibley, president of the Ladies' Aid Society, presented him with fifty white pinks. Refreshments were served

by the committee through the evening and a delightful social time was enjoyed by all present.

Boston, People's Temple.—Sunday night, Dec. 2, an effort was made to raise a deficiency of \$1,000 caused by the usual summer slump common to most city churches. In fifteen minutes the sum of \$1,890.50 was raised. This will, with the average collections, cover all the expenses up to April 1. The large audience present was delighted, not only with the great collection which came before the sermon, but also with the joyful sight presented when several men united with the church. This charge, Rev. Dr. C. A. Crane, pastor, was never more prosperous than at this time and the spiritual condition is such that conversions and accessions occur weekly, while the harmony and unanimity of the people make the present safe and secure, and the future full of hope.

Cambridge District

Somerville, Flint St.—Sunday, Dec. 9, was a red-letter day for this church, Rev. H. P. Rankin, pastor. Two services were held—at 10.30 A. M., and a vesper service at 4 P. M. Dr. F. E. Hamilton gave two inspiring addresses, and at both services took up the matter of raising the mortgage of \$2,500. The blackboard was used, and sums ranging from 50 cents to \$1 were placed thereon, covering the whole of the mortgage. Before the conclusion of the afternoon service every dollar was erased, and *bona fide* pledges given for the whole amount. The people are greatly rejoicing that they are to be relieved of this long-standing indebtedness. Wednesday evening, Dec. 12, the Flint St. Camera Club (Mr. Ellis Morton, son of the Sunday-school superintendent, president) gave an exhibition of camera pictures taken by members of the club. Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, a Tom Thumb wedding will be given by the primary department, in charge of Mrs. Wm. Fleming and Miss Annie Ramsdell.

Woburn.—A generous but unnamed friend has promised to give the church a parsonage to cost \$5,000, on the single condition that the present indebtedness of \$4,000 is paid. The trustees have voted to raise the money and pay this debt. The *Woburn Evening News* says: "Since coming here Rev. W. E. Vandermark has made a very marked impression as a preacher of ability and a parish worker of a high order. It is a matter of congratulation among his friends that this grand offer comes in appreciation of his work."

Lynn District

Wakefield.—The Methodist Episcopal Church (Rev. J. Chaffee, pastor) has recently received from the late Deacon John G. Aborn, of the Congregational Church, a bequest of \$1,000.

East Boston Bethel.—During December more than twenty have commenced the Christian life, and a gracious spirit rests upon the people. The new Hymnal has been introduced. The Ladies' Aid Society has held a successful fair. Dr. L. B. Bates is the oldest active pastor in the Conference, having just passed his 77th milestone, and having been in the pastorate sixty years. He is surrounded by a loyal, loving people, who rejoice in his strength and wise leadership. G. F. D.

Springfield District

Spencer.—Beginning Nov. 12, a series of special services covering two weeks was held in the church. The pastor was assisted by Rev. George H. Cheney, of Worcester, Rev. E. Z. Zellars, of the Congregational Church, Spencer, Rev. Arthur Wright, of Warren, and Presiding Elder Richardson. The latter preached on four even-

ings. The services resulted in a spiritual uplift to the members of the church. The pastor, Rev. Francis J. Hale, preached the sermon at the annual Thanksgiving service at North Brookfield.

North Dana.—This church is more than holding its own. On Dec. 3, 2 were received by letter and 3 on probation. A mission class of eleven members has been formed for the study of the "Christian Conquest of India." On the Monday before Thanksgiving, citizens of North Dana, including Roman Catholics and Universalists as well as members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thronged the parsonage and gave a Thanksgiving party. When the cosmopolitan company had departed the dining table was heavily laden with rich gifts and bounties suggestive of Thanksgiving Day. The pastor is Rev. George A. Downey.

South Athol.—Interest is good. Several persons have expressed a desire to lead the Christian life. The probation list is growing. Rev. G. A. Downey is pastor.

North Prescott.—Mrs. George A. Downey is supplying this charge with great acceptance. She rides twenty-five miles each Sunday and takes two services, preaching at North Prescott and Locke's Village. The people are filled with enthusiasm because of the spirit of this Joan of

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Arc. On Dec. 16, Mr. Downey will take the "hill route" and observe Missionary Sunday. The pastor and his wife are thus caring for four appointments. Their parishes take in parts of eight townships.

The Coming Conference.—Four months and then the deluge. Dame Rumor says that there is to be a freshet of new appointments on this district. She is a very interesting but exceedingly coy personage. Does she know what she is talking about? C. E. DAVIS.

Mittineague.—The work on all lines is running smoothly. In the early fall Rev. F. H. Morgan and the pastor, Rev. W. C. Townsend, in one day's canvass, secured 24 new subscribers to ZION'S HERALD. Nov. 4, 5 new members were received. Two weeks of special services have been held, with aid from Revs. James Sutherland and Geo. M. Smiley, D. D., which resulted in much spiritual advancement. Oct. 19, the Ladies' Aid Society served their annual chicken-pie supper, which netted \$64. The dining-room and kitchen of the church have recently been decorated anew. Some repairs and changes have also been made at the parsonage, and all bills are paid. The holiday sale at the church, Wednesday, Dec. 5, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, was a marked success both socially and financially. The net proceeds were \$110. Beautifully decorated booths, representing the various holidays, behind which the ladies and young people, appropriately appareled, besought the visitors to purchase the useful and fancy articles, or candy, food, or vegetables, were most attractive. This church pays its pastor regularly each month, and all bills are paid to date, including the supply of fuel for the winter. *

CHURCH REGISTER

Marriages

CATTERALL - O'CONNORS - At Sanford, Me., Nov. 17, by Rev. Alex. Hamilton, Edward Catterall and Evelyn O'Connors, both of Sanford.

STROUT - BURROUGHS - At Sanford, Me., Nov. 24, by Rev. Alex. Hamilton, Albert Orren Strout, of Beverly, Mass., and Clara Emeline Burroughs, of Sanford.

NEILL - DUNN - At Sanford, Me., Nov. 28, by Rev. Alex. Hamilton, Henry John Neill and Agnes Boyd Dunn, both of Sanford.

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING. - The superintendent of Hebrew Missions will address the Preachers' Meeting next Monday, Dec. 24, upon "Christian Work among the Jews in Boston."

WALTER HEALY, Sec.

CARD OF THANKS. - The Rummage Sale, which has been conducted by the superintendent of the Maine Deaconess Home in Portland, with her helpers, netted nearly \$250. Thanks are extended to the churches and auxiliaries of the Maine Conference for the generous help which made such a success possible.

(M.A.) HELEN A. LADD,
Chairman of Com.

FREE* TRANSPORTATION. - Before shipping supplies to the Maine Deaconess Home write to the undersigned, telling how many boxes or barrels you wish to send, from what station they will be shipped, and over what railroad or railroads, and free transportation will be secured for you in all cases where it is possible. Write a week, at least, before you wish to ship your supplies, thus allowing time to arrange for the free transportation on account of charity.

MRS. ARTHUR T. CRAIG, Sec. of Supplies.

33 Pleasant St., Westbrook, Me.

Tentative India Jubilee Program

Dec. 28 - Visit to Kashmiri Kothi; Formal Reception, Bishop Warne, chairman; Social Reception.

Dec. 29 - Devotional Service, Bishop FitzGerald; Address by Bishop Foss; Story of the Conferences: North India and Northwest India; Address by Dr. Leonard; Story of the Conferences: Bombay and Bengal; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Meeting, Mrs. Parker, chairman; Social Meeting.

Dec. 30 - Love-feast, Dr. T. S. Johnson, leader; Preaching, Bishop FitzGerald; Consecration Service, Dr. Leonard; Facing the Future: Dr. Goucher,

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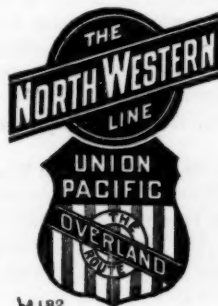
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Bishop Oldham, B. F. West, Bishop Thoburn; Social Meeting.

Dec. 31 - Devotional Service, Dr. Parkhurst; Addresses: F. A. Arter, Dr. J. W. Butler; Story of Conferences: South India and Central Provinces; Addresses: Drs. Vaughan and Trimble; "Reaching the People," eight ten-minute speeches by missionaries; Fraternal Delegates' speeches, Bishop Robinson, presiding; Watch-night Service: Narratives of notable conversions and providences.

Jan. 1 - Devotional Service; Story of Conferences: Burma, Malaysia, Philippine Islands; Young People's Rally; Personal Responsibility: Ten-minute speeches by missionaries; Closing Service.

Topics for the Week of Prayer

Sunday, Jan. 6, 1907, sermons, "The Call of God to His People," Isa. 48:18; Mal 3:7. Monday, Jan. 7, "The Church of the Living God." Tuesday, Jan. 8, "The Gospel of God's Son." Wednesday, Jan. 9, "The Christian Ministry." Thursday, Jan. 10, "Missions, Home and Foreign." Friday, Jan. 11, "Christian Institutions." Saturday, Jan. 12, "The Coming of the Kingdom." Sunday, Jan. 13, sermons, "The Attracting Power of Christ Crucified," John 12:32, 33.

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ferred. Must be a good preacher and "all-round" man. Write, with reference, to

WM. F. BURRIS, P. E., Brookfield, Mo.

NOTICE. - Mrs. E. S. Bennett, of Plaistow, N. H., writes us that a sister of hers now deceased left some books - Bible, American Encyclopedia, Chautauqua books, etc. - which Mrs. Bennett desires to give to "some poor minister out West to whom they would be acceptable." Will such minister who may read this correspond with Mrs. Bennett?

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OBITUARIES

For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the hand-clasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the color to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn,
Where the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late, large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow;
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou!

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Harris.—Rev. Charles Edward Harris, D. D., an honored member of the New England Southern Conference, died at Wolfeboro, N. H., Sept 12, 1906, after a notable career of nearly half a century in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in London, England, 78 years before.

Mr. Harris was a noble representative of an excellent family of English Jews, from which, by a series of events which extended through a number of years, he became quite effectively separated. The first link in this chain of events was the death of his mother, which occurred when he was fourteen. Some time after this he strongly desired to study law. His father, who wished him, like himself, to follow the business of a bookseller and stationer, vigorously opposed him. The difference then developed was finally settled by an agreement to separate. The young man, then in his twentieth year, came to America and landed in Halifax, possessed only of the meagre sum of \$12 and of some letters of introduction which proved to be of little value. He soon went to Montreal, where for a while he taught in a private school and afterward opened a school of his own. Subsequently he came under the influence of a series of protracted meetings held in St. James Methodist Church in that city, and, as a result, was converted to the Christian faith and brought into the Methodist Church. Disaster came to his school as a natural result, for a large number of his pupils were Jewish boys, and they were withdrawn as soon as his change of faith became known. Now, also, the break with his family became complete, his father expressing his displeasure and contempt by offering to send him a strait-jacket. In later years, however, this estrangement was in some measure overcome.

Shortly after his conversion he became convinced that he was called to the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Promptly obeying, he left Canada, which he never revisited, and went to Concord Biblical Institute, where he pursued a course of study in preparation for his life work. In 1857 he was admitted to the New York East Conference and became pastor of St. John's

Church, New York. For thirty-seven years he was alternately a member of the two metropolitan Conferences between which the city of New York is divided. During this period he was pastor of eleven churches in New York and Brooklyn as well as of several churches in other cities. His ministry made a marked and lasting impression. His unusual ability as a sermonizer, reinforced by his most remarkable orotund voice, his striking figure, and strong personality, made him a conspicuous and memorable pulpit orator. Great congregations gathered to listen to him; and they not only filled the churches in which he spoke, but often stood about the open doors and windows. Not only so, but his labors bore legitimate fruit; for large revivals not infrequently resulted. In the year 1890 he was transferred to the New England Southern Conference and stationed at the Chestnut St. Church, Providence; and then he served at Stafford Springs, Pleasant Street, New Bedford, and Centenary, Provincetown. One who has passed the age of threescore years has no easy task when he undertakes to make himself at home in a new environment apart from the friends and associations of a lifetime. But Dr. Harris, though greatly missing much from which he was severed, made himself a true brother and yokefellow in his new Conference relation; and he won for himself the abiding respect of all and the warm esteem of those whose privilege it was to know him somewhat intimately. In the spring of 1898, at the close of his pastorate in Provincetown, he was made superannuate. He went to Brooklyn, where he resided until the death of his wife in the summer of 1903. Then until the end of his earthly life he spent the most of his time with his son, Rev. C. E. Harris, Jr., in Hyannis, Mass., and Wolfeboro, N. H., in which places the latter was successively resident Congregational minister. Occasionally, as opportunity offered, Dr. Harris preached with much of his old-time fervor and power. One of the most notable of these occasions was a few weeks after the great bereavement of his life came to him. At this time he preached at the Yarmouth Camp-meeting a most tender and impressive sermon on the sympathy of Jesus. His last appearance in the pulpit was about five weeks previous to his death, when he preached for his former classmate, Rev. H. D. Robinson, at Chartley, Mass.

Dr. Harris was united in marriage with Miss Charlotte T. Janes, daughter of Bishop Edmund S. Janes. Two sons were born to them. One of them died in infancy. The other, mentioned above, has served as pastor of several Congregational churches, and is now in a similar position in Wolfeboro, N. H. W.

Knowles.—At the ripe age of 86, Mr. Charles Henry Knowles was called to the presence of the All-Father, Sept. 10, 1906. He was born in Northwood, N. H., July 7, 1820, and died in Springfield, Mass. A growing feebleness had been levying toll upon his strength for a number of months, so that he was unable to leave his home. At length death claimed him.

He was an old-fashioned Methodist of pronounced religious experience and unvarying loyalty. Converted at the age of twenty, he never needed a special explanation of the philosophy of the religious life to prove to him that he was a saved man. Until within recent months he was always active in the spiritual work, as well as the temporal, of the church. For many years he was a member of St. Paul's Church, Lowell, to which place he removed from Newmarket, N. H., in 1840, where he engaged in the fancy goods business. In 1889 he removed to Springfield, retiring from active business life, but not retiring from activity in the church which he joined—Trinity. If all our membership were made up of men like Mr. Knowles, we should have an aggressive, loyal, evangelizing church indeed.

Mr. Knowles was twice happily married—in the first instance to Miss Mehitabel Tarr, whom he lost in young manhood, and in 1872 to Mrs. Mary Dickinson Williams, who, with Mrs. H.

Tasker, of Lowell, a sister, now in her 83d year, survives him.

Simple but appropriate funeral services were conducted by his pastor at his home in Springfield, and the burial was in Northwood, N. H. He is now a member of that church triumphant which stands in the presence of the Lamb.

EUGENE M. ANTRIM.

Crawford.—Edwin Woodhull Crawford was born in Searsmont, Me., March 16, 1844, and died in Boston, July 11, 1905.

He came to Boston from his Maine home in early manhood and entered into business. He first connected himself with the Church St. Methodist Episcopal Church. His devotion and abilities were soon recognized, and he was made a class-leader, which office, with some intermissions, he held until his death. Subsequently he passed, with others, into the new People's Church, which, under the leadership of Dr. (now Bishop) Hamilton, became the successor of Church St. Church. In this new church he was honored with many offices, and was recognized as a leader in all the church's activities. Later on he became a member of Tremont St. Church, and was there as active and as helpful as in the other fields. He was a man both esteemed and beloved, a thorough and enthusiastic student of the Bible, a lover of his church, faithful to all his duties, true as steel, and always exerting a most helpful and gracious influence. He was always the friend of the pastor, and supported every movement inuring to the benefit of the church and the salvation of men. He believed in and exemplified the doctrine of Christian holiness in sweetness of speech and in uprightness of conduct. He loved his family and rejoiced in the affections and delights of home.

He leaves a wife and son, Everett W. Crawford, whose memories of husband and father will ever be treasured as of one loved and honored as a true man and faithful follower of Jesus Christ. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

JOHN D. PICKLES.

Allen.—A very sad event occurred in Burnside, Conn., in the death of Mr. Raymond D. Allen, son of Rev. John H. Allen, in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1906, at the age of 24 years.

Mr. Allen had been ill nearly a year with tuberculosis. In the summer he went to the Flower Hospital in New York, where he remained many weeks for treatment, undergoing many operations in the hope and expectation of restoration

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Founded 1823

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The Six Best Selling Books During November

At Each Store of Methodist Book Concern

THE following lists will be of interest as indicating the new publications which are demanded by the religious reading public (works of fiction are purposely excepted):

NEW YORK

- "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching."
- "Quiet Talks about Jesus." Gordon.
- "Workable Plans for Wide-Awake Churches." Reisner.
- "Social Message of Modern Pulpit." Brown.
- "Listening to God." Black.
- "Wesley and His Century." Fitchett.

BOSTON

- "Two-Minute Talks." Wells.
- "Through Man to God." Gordon.
- "Life of Gipsy Smith."
- "As Jesus Passed By." Gipsy Smith.
- "The Church and the Social Problem." Plantz.
- "Unrealized Logic of Religion." Fitchett.

PITTSBURG

- "The Coming Man." Eldridge.
- "Workable Plans for Wide-Awake Churches." Reisner.
- "Quiet Talks about Jesus." Gordon.
- "Quiet Talks on Service." Gordon.
- "Rests by the River." Matheson.
- "Missionary Addresses." Fowler.

DETROIT

- "Unrealized Logic of Religion." Fitchett.
- "Social Message of Modern Pulpit." Brown.
- "Duty of Imperial Thinking." Watkinson.
- "The Church and the Social Problem." Plantz.
- "Catching Men." Brushingham.
- "Workable Plans for Wide-Awake Churches." Reisner.

to health. But all to no purpose. A little more than a month before his death his parents were advised of his true and hopeless condition, and, acting upon the suggestion of his physicians, he was taken to their home in Burnside, where the lingering process of disease and death did their fatal work. He was a great sufferer; but with the manly heroism of a martyr "he endured as seeing Him who is invisible," and, without a doubt or fear, on Thanksgiving Day went into the presence of the great King to render eternal thanks and praise to Him for redemption and salvation.

Mr. Allen graduated at the Rogers High School in Newport, R. I., in 1900, taking the silver medal for excellence in mathematics, and the gold medal for excellence in Greek. He graduated at Wesleyan University in 1904. He then secured a position as a teacher of the classics in the Kingsley School for Boys at Essex Fells, N. J. His sterling qualities of mind and heart fitted him admirably for this work, in the performance of which he became very popular, as was shown by the fact that the principal held the position for him until there was little or no hope of his recovery. The tenderest sympathy of the entire community was elicited by his long and painful illness. The kind people vied with each other in their great efforts to minister to his needs and comfort. The bereaved family has the warm sympathy of an appreciative church, and, in fact, of all the people of the village. Besides his parents, Mr. Allen is survived by two sisters—Miss Gertrude, who resides in Newport, R. I., and Miss Florence, who lives with her parents, and a brother, Harold, who is a member of the senior class in Wesleyan University.

EDUCATIONAL

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Rev. WILBUR F. BERRY, President.

The funeral was attended at the parsonage on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 2, Rev. Porter M. Vinton, of East Hampton, officiating. Mr. Vinton's address was one of unusual beauty and pathos, and full of comfort to the afflicted family. Revs. W. S. MacIntire, W. J. Smith and W. F. Taylor assisted in the services. The house was crowded with sympathetic neighbors and friends. The burial was in the Centre Cemetery in East Hartford. X. Y. Z.

Austin. — In the early morning hours of Oct. 24, 1906, Alice L., daughter of Fred A. and Ella L. Austin, of East Exeter, Me., passed to her heavenly home, aged 19 years, 11 months, and 16 days.

Miss Alice was converted under the labors of Rev. I. H. Lidstone, and was received by him into the Methodist Episcopal Church at Corinth, in July, 1900. This early conversion meant six years of beautiful Christian living. The thoughts of her young heart were gladly given to the church of her choice. In the preaching service, the Sunday-school and Epworth League she seemed always to be present, not in the stern sense of duty, but in joyous, loving service. Her desire for the salvation of others was strong, and the writer will long remember how earnestly she would, in her quiet way, speak of this.

Her illness was of only two weeks' duration, and only seven days before her death did her loved ones learn that the death angel might be near. Her last conscious words were: "It would be so easy to die now, mamma." Easy for her, dear soul, but so hard for the loved ones left behind!

The name of Alice Austin will be long remembered by her many dear friends. Besides her father and mother she is survived by five brothers and sisters—Arthur C., Violet Mae, Minnie Ida, E. Roy, and Harry B. These sorrow not as those who have no hope, for their faith

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EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

takes hold of the promise of God, and enables them to say: "Alice has only gone before. We will strive to meet her there."

The high regard which the community had for this beautiful Christian girl was indicated by the large attendance at the funeral and the many floral tributes, with the tender words of praise whenever her name was spoken.

C. W. LOWELL.

Walden. — Mrs. Jane M. Walden, widow of C. A. Walden, and daughter of Stephen and Lydia Marson, was born in Dresden Mills, Me., March 23, 1827, and died in Lynn, Mass., Nov. 19, 1905.

A portion of Mrs. Walden's life was spent in Portland, Me., where she was very much interested in church work, and it was her greatest delight to attend divine service, especially prayer-meetings. Those who have attended the camp-meetings at Old Orchard will remember her, she having been there thirty-two consecutive summers—ever since the grounds opened. It was a great pleasure to her to attend the meetings. ZION'S HERALD was always welcome to her home, she having been a subscriber for many years.

She leaves three children—Mrs. Carrie A. Small, of Lynn; Mr. W. L. Walden, of Lynn; Mr. C. H. Walden, of Belfast, Me.; one granddaughter—Mrs. H. H. Brown, of Lynn; three sisters—Mrs. N. C. Newhall, of Lynn; Mrs. E. G. Stevens, of Old Orchard, Me.; Mrs. C. A. James, of Portland, Me. Her husband preceded her to the better land. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

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(Continued from page 1613)

understand why the attendance of one hundred out of the constituency of nearly four times that number who have settled in and about the metropolis should be regarded as normal. Perhaps some day we shall hear from our largest city that the interests of this noble University — mother of all the American Methodist colleges — have been deemed so important, and the appeal to her alumni has been made so practicable and attractive, that four hundred of her metropolitan graduates, trustees and friends have conspired to meet for her encouragement and her praise.

The American Board will be represented at the Bareilly Jubilee by Secretaries Creegan and Hitchcock.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000 to the United Presbyterians for their mission work in Egypt, will be expended in large part for new buildings for Assiut College. This institution is about 400 miles up the Nile, and has 700 students.

An "appreciation" of the late Rev. Joseph Scott, of Springfield, from the pen of Rev. D. B. Hahn, accompanied by a portrait, will appear in the next issue.

In a noteworthy article by Dr. Booker T. Washington in the *Outlook*, on "The Golden Rule in Atlanta," the following interesting statement occurs:

"Three distinct movements looking to the improvement of the relations between the races have been started in Atlanta, Ga., as a consequence of the September riots. The first of these, headed by ex-Governor Northern, aims to bring about the co-operation of the races along religious lines. The second has for its object the more practical education of the masses. The third is directed toward securing law and order through the practical co-operation of the better elements of both races. As a whole, I

think I am safe in saying the measures thus far taken and others proposed represent the most radical, far-reaching, and hopeful solution of the race problem that has ever been undertaken by Southern white people."

After a long life of pure-heartedness, even the most rugged face takes on a spiritual beauty that surpasses the physical charm of youth.

There are many teachers in God's school of life, but they all teach the same lesson — the saving worth of character.

We hope our Church News correspondents are duly exercising the "grace of patience." A large amount of notes from the various districts, already in type, is crowded out by the usual last-of-the-year pressure. All will appear next week.

The new and handsome North Woodward Church in Detroit was dedicated on Sunday, Nov. 25, Bishop McCabe preaching in the morning, and Dr. George Elliott in the evening. The building, with ground and chapel, are valued at \$100,000.

Any service that is important enough for God to assign a child of His, is important enough to enlist the best human thought and endeavor.

The Tuskegee Institute is doing good work in many lines. One of these is the shoe department. Dr. Booker Washington said last week in a speech in New York that Andrew Carnegie had ordered a pair of shoes made there a year ago, and

liked them so well that he had ordered two pairs more.

The Giver More Than the Gift

GIPSY SMITH tells in his autobiography how after having been away from his family for seven months they received him with joy on his return, shortly after which all of them attended a bazaar. Thinking to give pleasure to his little girl, he took some money out of his pocket, and, displaying it in the palm of his hand, said: "Zillah, take what you like and go and spend it!" The child's big dark eyes filled with tears. She looked wistfully at her father, and said: "Daddy, I don't want your old money; I want you! You have been away from us for seven months, do you know it?" Gipsy Smith felt rebuked, and he thought how different his little Zillah was from many people in the world who are willing to have the gifts of God, and yet do not recognize Him as the Father and Giver of all. This is a condemnation which with entire justice may be visited upon many of the residents of happy America, who filling their hands with God's gifts, never lift up thankful hearts unto Him, nor seek to approach Him for communion and filial fellowship. Such is not the spirit of a true child of God, who thinks more of the Giver than of the gift, who cares more for fellowship than for favors, and who is most blest when feeling most intensely his nearness to God. It was this intimacy of spiritual relationship to the great Father in heaven which inspired the poet to sing:

"Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven!"

Useful Christmas Gifts

FOR MEN

are to be found in our Furnishing Goods Department, where special attention has been given to putting up many articles in attractive forms for Gifts.

In individual boxes, we have various styles of Cravats at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00.
Gold Scarf Pins and Cuff Links, \$1.00 to \$10.00.
Dress Neckwear and Suspenders to match, in special boxes \$3.50
Linen Handkerchiefs, box of one-half dozen \$2.00
Combination Box: Shirt Protector and Full Dress and Tuxedo Ties \$5.00

"Empico" Boxes fitted with Full Dress Requisites.
Pajamas \$4.00 to \$10.00
House Jackets \$8.00 to \$18.00
Bath Robes \$6.00 to \$15.00
Dressing Gowns \$14.00, \$24.00, \$42.00, \$50.00.
Gloves in great variety for street and dress wear, \$1.50 to \$3.50.
Squirrel-lined Gloves (best English make) \$6.00

Large line of Leather Goods and generally all merchandise pertaining to a first-class Men's Haberdashery Store.

Macular Parker Company

400 Washington Street